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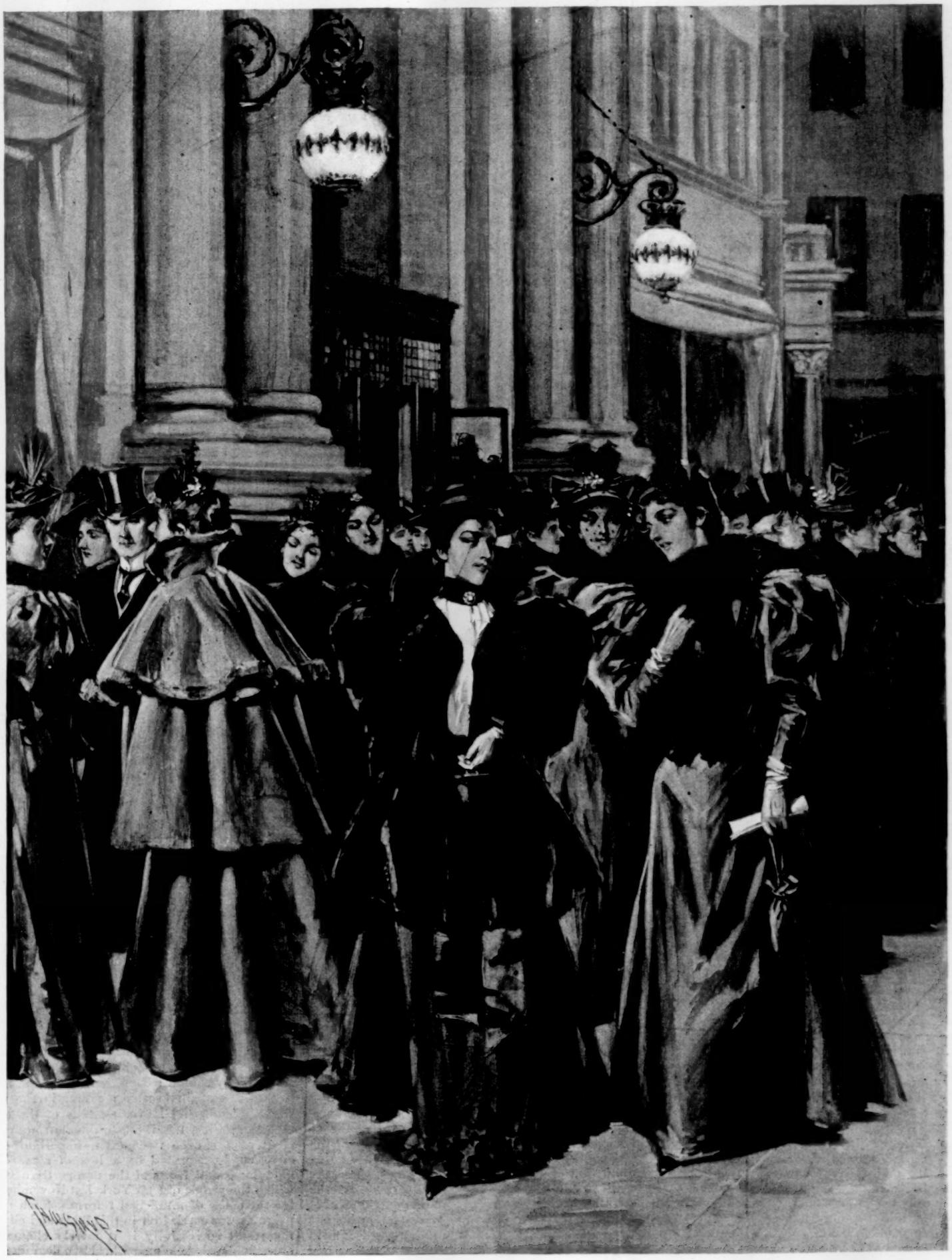

AFTER THE MATINÉE.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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TWO YEARS OF CLEVELAND'S ADMINISTRATION.

THE 4th of March closed the first half of Mr. CLEVELAND'S Presidential term. Our political history hardly presents a period of struggles more confused and disappointing than those two years. Mr. CLEVELAND owed his nomination and election in 1892 to an uprising of the moral forces in the Democratic party. His character and record put him far above the common run of "practical politicians." They appealed to the best impulses of the Democratic masses as well as to the sympathies of men of independent ways of thinking, and elicited a popular movement in his behalf which, with the power of genuine enthusiasm, irresistibly overwhelmed the hostile manœuvres of machine bosses and spoils-hunters. He was known to stand for sound money and civil service reform, but the silver-inflationists and the patronage-mongers in his party found themselves forced to support him in spite of themselves. Thus he was triumphantly elected. No American President, save WASHINGTON, had owed his election more to the prestige of his character, and not one had entered upon his high office more completely unfettered by political obligations to any man or any set of men. All this seemed to promise an administration singularly independent of the base influences which are apt to divert those in power from their highest aims.

But the action of the moral forces which put Mr. CLEVELAND into the Presidential chair did not at the same time correspondingly affect the legislative branch of the government. The machine politicians and spoils jobbers, overridden in the election for the Presidency, had largely kept control of the local party organizations which nominated candidates for Congress and for the State Legislatures. And thus it happened that the House of Representatives, elected at the same time with Mr. CLEVELAND, contained only a small contingent of men who sincerely shared his principles, opinions, and aims, while the Senate remained under the leadership of selfish political intriguers, who represented all the political evils against which Mr. CLEVELAND'S election had been a protest. The Senators from his own State belonged to this class, and there were many others reluctant to support him in anything that would not accord with what they conceived to be the drift of opinion among the politicians of their States, or with their own interests. On the whole, the Democratic majority in Congress was, with a very few personal exceptions, singularly deficient in capacity of the higher order, and, especially in the Senate, either without sincerity or without courage of purpose.

When Mr. CLEVELAND entered upon his duties he had at once to meet a critical state of things. The silver legislation enacted by the Republicans was bearing its fruit. The confidence of the business community was seriously disturbed. The repeal of the silver-purchase law had become a matter of immediate necessity. In our opinion it would have been wiser had the President called a special session of Congress without delay. He put off the call, perhaps because he distrusted the temper of Congress as to the required action until it should feel the full pressure of the stress of circumstances. Meanwhile he had to determine upon the manner in which he himself would endeavor to make his influence in Congress felt. Was he to propitiate Senators and Representatives in the old spoils fashion by yielding to their demands for patronage? Or was he to rely upon the enlightened public opinion of the country to sustain him, and thus to coerce Congress to do its duty, he himself boldly proclaiming his own creed that the offices of the government should be treated, not as patronage, but as public trusts, with a sole view to the public good? Mr. CLEVELAND thought that he could do both things at the same time; and this was the most serious mistake of his administration. He might have completely overawed the spoils politicians in Congress by energetic appeals to the public opinion standing behind him, which was the true source of his power. But every concession he made to spoils politics weakened him in that public opinion, and everything that weakened him in public opinion strengthened and emboldened the spoils politicians in Congress who were openly or secretly hostile to him.

He succeeded in driving the repeal of the silver-purchase law through Congress, not by adroit manipulations of the patronage, but by standing with inflexible firmness by that which the public interest manifestly demanded. And for this indomitable fidelity he cannot receive too much credit. On the other hand, whatever he did in the way of political management of the lower sort served only to lessen his prestige and power. He did not win any reliable support among the spoils politicians, because he did not give them enough. And because he gave them too much, he lost much of the support of that public opinion by which he might have overawed and coerced the spoils politicians. His influence with Congress dwindled from day to day. He became almost completely isolated. It seemed to be a sportive amusement to his Democratic enemies to spite him, and hardly any President has been so feebly defended by his few friends. With regard to the tariff bill, his repeated efforts to impress his opinions upon Congress utterly failed of success; and when, recently, he called on Congress to do its part in saving the country from financial disgrace and disaster, it almost appeared as if his appeals served rather to provoke than to abate opposition.

The sterling qualities of Mr. CLEVELAND'S character stood forth most strikingly when he had occasion to act upon his own responsibility. His conduct of foreign affairs has, as to all questions of importance, been patriotic, fair, and courageous. His position with regard to the Hawaiian affair, although somewhat marred by a certain clumsiness of management, was based upon principles of justice and good faith, from which the country cannot depart without dishonor and incalculable harm to its best interests. Although, when engrossed with other objects, he has done, and permitted to be done, many things flagrantly at war with the principles of civil service reform, he has at last materially extended the domain of the civil service rules, and may be expected to extend it still much farther. When the country was threatened by internal disorders he quelled the trouble with a promptness and vigor extorting admiration even from his political foes. But nothing entitles him more to the gratitude of the American people than the intrepid determination with which he went to the utmost of his power to maintain the financial honor and safety of the republic. He presents a magnificent spectacle as he stands between his country and disgrace, almost single-handed and alone, a majority of his own party against him, both Houses of Congress against him, but he himself undaunted and unmoved by the frenzied outcries of hostile interests and selfish politicians; and so he will stand in the history of this country, a grand, heroic, inspiring example, when the pack of little vilifiers who now snarl and bark at his heels about the profit bankers are gaining out of a contract made under duress—the BRYANS and the BLANDS and the LODGES and the CHANDLERS and that ilk—are buried and forgotten.

Whenever he rose above all the small considerations of party politics to defend the peace, the honor, and the prosperity of the country, he made a great mark as a patriotic statesman of sagacity and high courage. He utterly failed when he tried to play at practical politics. And the lustre of his statesmanship would be still brighter had he never attempted the ordinary politician's art. The party which he in vain endeavored to save and hold together is utterly discredited, broken, and prostrate. The next Congress being under the control of the opposition, Mr. CLEVELAND, during the coming two years, will be relieved of all sense of party responsibility for legislative action, but the last half of his administration may offer him as much of opportunity for eminent patriotic service as the first. He will doubtless continue to be the firm bulwark of sound money and national good faith, and his civil service reform work may proceed far more unhampered than hitherto by party influences.

UNTIMELY HARMONY.

THE daily newspapers report that Governor MORTON has endeavored to promote "harmony" between Mayor STRONG and Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT. If the Governor made any efforts in that behalf, they were ill-advised. The promotion of the kind of harmony that is responsible for the leaders of the two political parties in this State is one of the cardinal sins of contemporaneous politics. Perhaps without knowing it the people throughout the country have been expressing their opinion of it for more than ten years, and that opinion is most uncomplimentary. The efforts of politicians to maintain the strength and standing of their party by bringing about "harmony" between the good and the bad, the "boys" and the decent citizens, the men with principles and the strikers for pelf, have resulted in the chastisement, now of one party, and now of the other. The harmony between Democrats with principles and the GORMANS, BRICES, and HILLS brought about the Democratic defeats of 1892 and 1894.

The effort ascribed to Governor MORTON is, in essence, an effort to compromise between the principle that triumphed in 1894 and that which was defeated. PLATT represents the beaten principle just as completely as CROKER, HILL, MURPHY, and SHEEHAN stand for it. It was not only Tammany that was beaten in this city, but Tammany politics, whereof PLATT has been one of the leaders. It was not only HILL who was defeated in the State, but the Democratic machine, which is exactly like PLATT'S machine. These two machines represented the flower and fruitage of party "harmony." Each party had come, through the spirit of "harmony," to be an organization that existed for the division of the offices among its leaders and their favorite henchmen—in other words, among those who "work" or "play" politics for the spoils. The result is that neither party means anything distinctive, and as the country for several years has strongly desired legislation of some kind on the tariff and on the currency, it is disappointed by whichever party it places in power. It was disappointed to find that the Republicans were more concerned in keeping together than with the task of government. It has been grievously disappointed to find that Mr. CLEVELAND'S election was not followed by the expulsion of GORMAN, BRICE, HILL, and all of that kind of Democrats from leadership.

In this State the strong desire for machine "harmony" kept MURPHY at the head of the Democratic party until Mr. FAIRCHILD and his friends rebelled. It has kept PLATT supreme in the Republican party. It prevented a non-partisan uprising against Tammany until last year. Even last year it prevented the Republicans from nominating decent men for the Legislature. "Harmony" always involves a concession to the worst elements. Tammany never sought "harmony" by endeavoring to walk in the path of virtue. And PLATT, when in power, never invited unselfish Republicans of good principles and good citizenship to take control of the party organization. We never hear of "harmony" unless the machines and the "bosses" are down. Then they begin to whine about it, and to scold at men like Mayor STRONG who believe that an office-holder's first duty is to the public. A few days ago Chairman HACKETT, of the Republican State Committee, a gentleman who is supposed to be PLATT'S familiar, expressed his deep sorrow because he thought that Mayor STRONG showed a disposition to foment factional strife in the party. He meant, as nearly as may be ascertained from the rest of his remarks, that Mayor STRONG was angering PLATT and his friends by refusing to yield to the boss's dictation concerning municipal appointments. The cry for "harmony" is almost invariably the appeal of the outcasts to be taken back into the shelter from which they have been expelled for cause. And it is the duty of good citizens, and especially of a Governor who comes into office as one of the consequences of the uprising of the people against CROKER, PLATT, HILL, MURPHY, HACKETT, and the politicians who acknowledge their leadership, to discourage every effort to harmonize.

The old party leaders, or hacks, or "bosses," by whatever name they may be called, have been condemned, deliberately condemned, by the people. The chances are that for some time to come either party under its old leaders will be beaten at every election which finds it in power. The country is tired of seeing the public business neglected that the organized spoilsmen may be satisfied. The universal condemnation of the "bosses" is the brightest sign of promise in the politics of to-day. Therefore whenever a PLATT or a CROKER has been defeated, it is the duty of every good Republican or Democrat to do his utmost to keep the party door locked and bolted against the return of the shivering pleaders for "harmony." They cannot be brought back without a recognition of their kind of politics. Indeed, it is only by such a recognition that the disowned "boss" can again become a power in the party. The acceptance by Mayor STRONG of the theory that PLATT has the right to dictate the appointment of any, even the most unimportant, of the city's employés would be a loss of some of the most important fruits of the non-partisan victory which the people of New York last November won for the cause of municipal reform. Such a campaign as was carried on in this State and city does not result successfully if it merely changes the office-holders. The men who have degraded politics until it has sunk to a point where good citizen-

ship is compelled to revolt must be driven out of power in their parties before the victory can be said to have been won. The moral crusade which is now on foot, and of which Mayor STRONG has been one of the leaders, should have for its end the expulsion of the PLATTS and the CROKERS from American politics. It is true that this is a difficult task. It involves the complete transformation of political campaigns from struggles for office into struggles for principles, which means that politics must become so purified that it will cease to be the vocation of sordid spoilsmen. But in New York the first step has been taken, and the whole country is concerned that there shall be no backward movement. To that end the cry of the PLATTS for "harmony" should be sternly unheeded. What good citizens should promote is discord. The black flag should be the ensign of the virtuous now that the pirates are defeated and begging for unmerited and danger-fraught mercy.

A CAMPAIGN OF EDUCATION.

THE speech made by Assistant Secretary of the Treasury CURTIS at the recent dinner of the Democratic Club is the most important utterance on the subject of the recent bond issue that has come from any one having the right to speak for the administration. Mr. CURTIS's authority to do so is unquestioned by all who know his relations to the various efforts that have been made by Mr. CLEVELAND and Mr. CARLISLE to protect the public credit, notwithstanding the refusal of Congress to perform its plain duty. Mr. CURTIS's assurance that the Treasury was compelled to accept the terms of the syndicate which represented the foreign bankers must be taken as conclusive of the condition of mind in which the Washington authorities found themselves. Mr. CURTIS is right in saying that the government was in the position of a bank on which a run was in progress, and the administration naturally desired to stop the run. As the WEEKLY said, in commenting on this loan, time was essential, and this consideration might easily have prevented the effecting of a loan in the open market. Moreover, gold exportations have been checked, at least for the time, and Mr. CURTIS regards this fact as of the first importance, and as full of promise for the future safety of the Treasury from the raids of the gold-hunters. All true friends of the country will hope that Mr. CURTIS's anticipations of good results to follow the bond issue will be realized, and that the drain of gold from abroad and for hoarding at home has ceased.

At the same time we must not shut our eyes to the facts of the situation. The greenbacks and the Treasury notes still exist as a menace to the Treasury gold whenever capitalists at home or abroad shall be frightened by the clamor of our silver and fiat money advocates who will be in power in the next Senate, no matter what may be the complexion of the new House of Representatives. These paper demand obligations will not be got rid of until the popular demand for their abolition grows to be as intense and clamorous as was the demand for the unconditional repeal of the SHERMAN act. A remedy has been suggested that is more specious than sound. It is that the government tide over its difficulties until the revenues become greater than the expenditures. After that event shall happen, the Secretary of the Treasury may hold all the greenbacks and the notes of 1890 that come into his possession, thereby diminishing the amount of the instrumentalities available for drawing out his gold. This method would be slow and uncertain. Besides, there is no reason to believe that a surplus would not again tempt Congress into extravagances that would once more compel the Secretary to pay out his accumulation of paper. Not only is none but a thorough remedy to be thought of in dealing with our monetary difficulties, but no remedy can be thorough that is based on the presumption that Congress will become wise and patriotic.

A good deal has been accomplished in this country by campaigns of education. Not only tariff reform, but civil service reform, and, within the memory of most of the men in public life, currency reforms have been brought about by the education of the people who elect Congressmen every two years, and whose voice eventually finds an impressive lodgement in the dull ears of Senators. The newspapers, with their constant arguments and appeals, did much to drive the inflation movement of twenty years ago out of the Republican party, although at that time there was a sufficient number of Senators who were capable of thoroughly debating financial questions to enormously aid the pressure from without. At present, what with the young men from the mining camps who have been made Senators for the purpose of keeping up the price of silver at any cost to the credit of the country, and the politicians who are so afraid of the camps that they are hiding in the baleful shadow of international bimetallism, nearly all the work for sound money must be done in the newspapers, by clubs and their pamphlets—a work in which the Reform Club of this city is already engaged—and on the platform.

The new House of Representatives is probably sounder on the money question than that which has just ended its inglorious existence. It is true that many Republicans are unduly fond of the greenbacks, and that some from sound-money States voted with the Populists and fiat-money men to reject the contract under which the administration sought to save the country $16,000,000 by offering a gold bond. But the reasoning of the great money centres is more likely to affect their minds than those of their Democratic associates in folly. The condition of the Senate is of course deplorable. Its ignorance, selfishness, and lack of principle are phenomenal. There is no parliamentary body in the world, unless it may be found in some remote South American country, so little entitled to respect. Its mental and moral conditions are such as to create a doubt of the value of a century of parliamentary institutions. A financial debate in the Senate must lead the stanchest American to wonder if those who make our laws have learned anything whatever from the experiences of mankind or from the history of their own race. And yet even the majority of the Senate can be driven by fear, if it cannot be convinced by arguments addressed to the reason.

We are assured by competent authority that in the cities of the South sound-money ideas prevail. We know that they do prevail in New England, the Middle States, and westward to the Mississippi. It is probable that an active campaign would result in much good among the intelligent people of Minnesota, Iowa, Oregon, and California, and that even Colorado, Kansas, and Missouri are not hopeless. It is possible that the silver men would hold in 1896 only the new States, with Nevada, and that in 1898 they could not count on some of these. All this is based on the assumption that the friends of sound money will begin at once a campaign of education on the money question. The American people are neither fools nor dishonest. As Mr. CURTIS said, their credit is supremely dear to them. The moment they are set to thinking in the right direction, that moment the result is nearly assured. The time is coming when every honest American will be profoundly grateful to Mr. CLEVELAND and Mr CARLISLE for the part they have played in this sad crisis, and will look back upon the speeches and votes of the majority of their Congressmen with shame.

THE RECENT ENCYCLICAL OF LEO XIII.

How much papal infallibility stands for is not for others than Catholic theologians to determine, but it is certain that LEO XIII. is a Pope of very different temper from his predecessor, PIUS IX. PIUS declared war against modern civilization; LEO, during his pontificate, has labored to reconcile the Church and modern society with one another. The syllabus of 1864 remains, and must remain, the exposition of the principles upon which the Latin Church is to be in the future administered. These are such as, "the Church has the power to use external force"; "no national churches can be erected which are withdrawn from the authority of the Pope;" "the Church is not to be separated from the state;" "kings and princes are not excluded from the jurisdiction of the Church;" "the entire direction of public schools must not be given to the state." In stating the propositions of the syllabus we have followed the form into which they have been cast by the Jesuit SCHRADER, an accepted authority. Under LEO XIII. whatever in former papal declarations is offensive to the modern mind has been withdrawn from view. Still, under all changes of form, the papacy is the same.

The latest encyclical of LEO XIII. is intended for the people of the United States. Nothing can be better than the warnings against the "licentiousness of divorce," as it obtains in some parts of our country. "Divorce," says LEO, "is the fruitful cause of mutable marriage contracts, is injurious to the care and education of children, breaks up domestic society, degrades the dignity of women." Equally commendable is the recognition of the place of science in modern education. "An education cannot be complete which takes no notice of modern sciences. In the noble and praiseworthy passion for knowledge, Catholics ought to be not followers, but leaders." This is well said; but apparently there is a discrepancy here between the language of LEO and that of his predecessor. Science, to be science, must be free, and must be left to correct its own errors. Speaking of philosophy, in which we understand to be included all attempts of the mind to explain to itself the phenomena of the universe, the syllabus of 1864 tells us that "the Church must not only sometimes proceed against philosophy, but she must not tolerate the errors of philosophy itself, and must not leave it to correct itself." The metaphysics of science are a part of science, and plainly come under this prohibition.

Very striking is that passage which is devoted to the American press. It is well known that the Church in this country has taken pains to train men for journalism, and to secure for them important positions in the administration of secular papers. "Every effort," LEO XIII. tells his people, "should be made to increase the number of intelligent and well-disposed writers who take religion for their guide. They must, however, carry on the conflict on behalf of the Church with perfect unanimity, and must be obedient to the bishops. The bishops, placed in the lofty position of authority, are to be obeyed. This reverence, which it is lawful for no one to neglect, should, of necessity, be eminently conspicuous in Catholic journalists." Much of this appeals to journalists engaged upon papers or reviews avowedly Roman Catholic, but it applies to all Catholic journalists, wherever engaged. And the principle of authority is to rule in philosophy, in science, in letters, in journalism. You may philosophize, but you must obey; you may make discoveries in the realm of nature, but you must obey; you may try to sway public opinion, but still you must obey.

The Pope, with a candor for which all must thank him, does not conceal his desire for a union of his Church with the American state. This is, of course, an exclusive union, and implies the suppression, or, at best, the grudging toleration, of all forms of Christian faith deemed by Catholics heretical. He acknowledges that his Church is "unopposed by the Constitution, protected from violence by the laws and impartial tribunals, and is free to live and act without hinderance." But this is not for it a desirable condition, and it would be a mistake to suppose that "it would be universally lawful and expedient for state and Church to be, as in America, dissevered and divided." But LEO XIII. goes further. In his opinion "the Church would bring forth more abundant fruit" in the United States "if, in addition to liberty, it enjoyed the favor of the laws and the patronage of the public authority." Liberty, then, is not enough. The Church, according to its œcumenical head, claims more. It should have besides the "patronage of public authority," which can only mean authority to exist to the exclusion of non-Catholic Churches, with support from the public treasury. Some critics of the encyclical have averred that this is a mere "academic proposition"; but the papacy is not in the habit of playing with academic propositions. Under the soft velvet touch of LEO XIII. there is the same iron grip as of old.

Great care is taken to commend the appointment of an apostolic legate to the favor of the bishops. The Pope does not conceal the fact that there are dissensions in the Catholic episcopate of the United States. He tells the bishops that this appointment will "bring it to pass that one shall not impede another in matters of government, that one shall not pry into the councils and conduct of any other, and that, with disagreement eradicated," they may all work together. The feud among the bishops has become matter of public knowledge. If this conflict between conservatism and progress has broken out, it will not rest till the Roman Catholic Church has learned to conform itself to the spirit of American institutions and the temper of the American people.

BRITISH POLITICS.

IT is perfectly clear that the leaders of the opposing forces in English politics are engaged in what the billiard-players call playing for position. Dissolution and a general election seem to be inevitable in the near future, and although the government and its organs assert that the Liberals and Lord ROSEBERY will remain in power for an indefinite time, it is apparent that they are doing their utmost to increase their immediate strength in the country. The opposition has endeavored to separate from the Liberals one faction after another, and on an amendment to the reply to the Queen it succeeded in reducing the Liberal majority to twelve. Mr. BALFOUR joined with the Parnellites in supporting Mr. JOHN REDMOND's amendment, declaring that the ministry should submit the question of home-rule to the constituencies. Sir HENRY JAMES undertook to sap the loyalty of the Lancashire Liberals by an amendment urging the repeal of the duties on cottons recently imposed by the Indian government. In the mean time the government is evidently intending to procure the rejection by the Lords of as many as possible of the measures which it regards as popular, in order to emphasize the issue against the Peers, and this notwithstanding the virtuous Conservative outcries against wasting the session in passing measures through the Commons which cannot possibly become laws.

The next campaign in Great Britain, whenever it comes, will be of exceeding interest, for the empire is either to go forward to a more thorough Radicalism, or there is to be a great Conservative triumph, and a check to the movement which has made it possible for the Irish members to compel the Commons to give precedence to the question of home-rule, which has brought JOHN BURNS, KEIR HARDIE, and other Radicals and Labor men into Parliament, which has given LABOUCHERE a following, which has brought Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's socialism to the respectful attention of old-fashioned Tories, and which has made possible Mr. ASQUITH's bill for the disestablishment of the Welsh Church, with its provision for the division of the proceeds of its property among charitable institutions.

It seems quite likely that more than usual will depend upon the English constituencies. The Irish seem hopelessly divided, and the Conservatives count a good deal on the discontent of the Radicals with the Liberals, led as they are by a peer. But a Conservative victory will not mean that caste and hereditary privilege are stronger in England than they were when Mr. GLADSTONE came into power, or that the masses who have recently sent men of their own kind to represent them in the Commons are of less importance than they were. It will be simply the defeat of the kind of Liberalism which ROSEBERY stands for, the Liberalism which undertakes to govern by trades and bargains between factions. It is probably true that while Radicalism has gained strength in England, Liberalism as organized into party has ceased to represent it. But, even so, the Conservatives are not certain of the victory.

The London *Times* has already warned them that their recent successes are not sure auguries of triumph in a general contest, for in the by-elections they were able to concentrate all their strength in single constituencies, one after the other. It may be that no party will be in a majority in the next Parliament, but that Great Britain will see the beginning of the swap system in her law-making body.

COUNTESS DE CASTELLANE, *NÉE* GOULD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVIS & SANFORD.

COUNT BONIFACE DE CASTELLANE.

DE CASTELLANE-GOULD WEDDING.

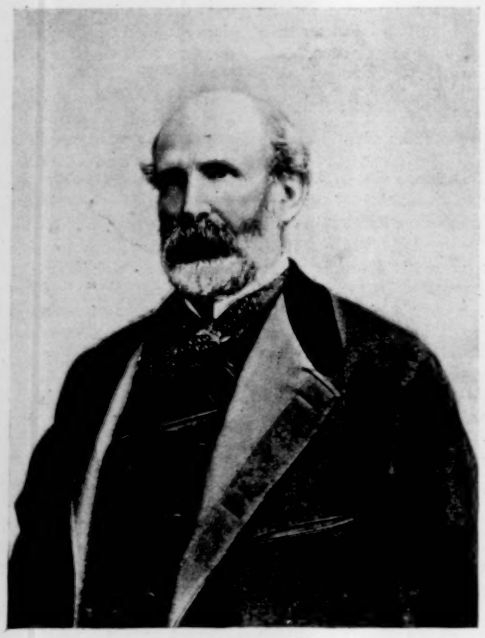
THE nuptial ceremony which has undoubtedly attracted the widest public attention since the wedding of Miss Bradley-Martin to the British Earl of Craven was the marriage, on Monday last, March 4th, of Count Boniface de Castellane, of France, to Miss Anna Gould, youngest daughter of the late Jay Gould. The ceremony was performed at noon by Archbishop Corrigan, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Jay Gould, brother and sister-in-law of the bride, at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-seventh Street, in the presence of some three hundred persons. The Moorish parlor was elaborately decorated with plants and flowers, consisting mostly of orchids, lilies-of-the-valley, and white roses, and the Archbishop, with Father Connelly, his secretary, stood between the large windows, where a beautiful altar of flowers had been erected for the occasion.

The entrance of the bridal party was made to the music of the *Lohengrin* wedding march, with an accompaniment of boys' voices. The procession formed in the library, and was led by the four ushers, Mr. Brockholst Cutting, Mr. Raoul Duval, Prince del Drago, and Mr. Howard Gould, a brother of the bride. Following them walked the bridemaids, Miss Cameron, Miss Montgomery, Miss Richardson, and Miss Helen Gould, a sister of the bride. Their gowns were of white broadcloth, with wide flaring skirts, trimmed at the bottom with bands of sable. The waists were in blouse effect, with bouffant sleeves, cut short below the elbows, where they were met by long gloves. These toilets were completed with big black chiffon hats, trimmed with ostrich feathers.

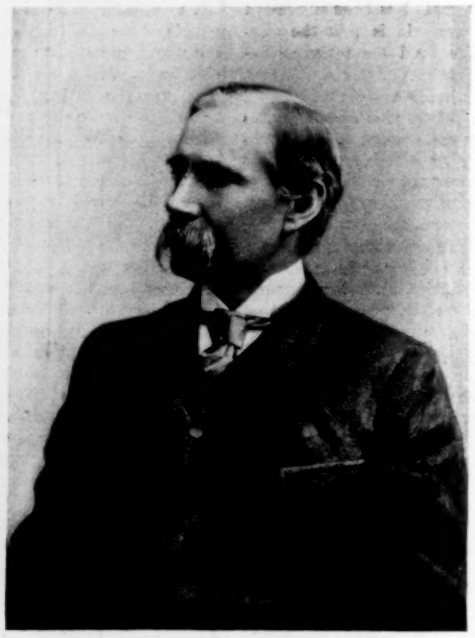
Next came the bride, resting on the arm of her brother, Mr. George Gould. Her costume was of ivory-white satin. The skirt had a ripple effect and a long train. The bouffant elbow sleeves were finished with a cording of pearls. The corsage was high-necked and covered with lace and wrought with an embroidery of pearls. Her head-dress consisted of a veil of beautiful old lace, the gift of the Marquise de Castellane, the mother of the groom. The long train of the bridal-gown was borne by two little pages—Miss Gould's nephews, Jay and Kingdon Gould. The boys were dressed in Louis XV. costumes, entirely of white, with broad sailor collars.

Behind the pages came the Marquis and Marquise de Castellane, Mrs. George Gould, Mrs. Kingdon, and other members of the family. The bridemaids' souvenirs of the occasion were diamond pins, engraved with the initials G and C and the Castellane crest.

Count Boniface de Castellane, with his brother, Count Henri de Castellane, as best man, met the bridal procession in the Moorish room, where the Archbishop also stood, clad in his ceremonial robes of purple.



HON. MATT W. RANSOM.
The new Minister to Mexico.—[See Page 238.]
From a Photograph by Bell.



HON. WILLIAM L. WILSON,
The new Postmaster-General.—[See Page 238.]
From a Photograph by Bell.

After the marriage ceremony had been performed there were the usual congratulations from the guests, and then the bridal party sat down to a wedding breakfast. Some of the most notable persons present were M. Patenotre, the French ambassador; M. Le Ghait, the Belgian minister; Mavroyeni Bey, the Turkish envoy; Count von Saurma-Jeltsch, of Germany; the Marquis Imperiali, the Italian secretary of legation, and Count Ruspoli.

After the reception the bridal couple left for Lakewood, where they remained at the Gould cottage until last Wednesday, when they sailed for Europe on the *New York*. The Count and Countess de Castellane expect to spend some time in London, and thence they will go to France and sojourn for a brief period at the Count's Château de Rochecotte on the Loire. After that they have planned to make a trip around the world.

Count Boniface de Castellane is the eldest son of the Marquis de Castellane, and is twenty-seven years old. His family is one of the oldest in France, and is to be traced back as far as the year 1000. His great-grandfather was one of Napoleon's marshals, and his father, the present Marquis, is a nephew of Talleyrand. He was a monarchist deputy in 1871, and has achieved some reputation as a historical writer. He married Mlle. de Juigny. Count Boniface de Castellane is a young man of excellent reputation; he is an ardent sportsman, and is a member of some of the best of the Paris clubs. He first came to this country last summer, and went to Newport, where he became acquainted with Miss Anna Gould, and about two months ago the engagement, which has just terminated in this notable international marriage, was announced.

The wedding presents were numerous and magnificent, the most notable ones being a diamond and ruby ring, an emerald and diamond bracelet, and a string of pearls, the gifts of the groom; a tiara of precious stones, the gift of her brother, Mr. George Gould; and a pearl necklace from the Marquise de Castellane. This necklace has been an heir-loom in the Castellane family, and some of the pearls were once owned by Marie de Medicis, while others were presented to an ancestor of the De Castellanes by King Henry IV. of France.

It consists of five strands, fastened with a large emerald enclosed in a setting of diamonds. The necklace is said to have been made by a celebrated goldsmith in Paris in the sixteenth century, and the emerald is said to have a weight of 200 karats. Other beautiful gifts were a fan mounted on sticks of pearl, and decorated with an exquisitely painted scene representing an old castle. Another fan was decorated with the *Romeo and Juliet* balcony scene.

The bride's father-in-law gave her a swallow made of diamonds and rubies. The wedding presents, being so numerous and of such great value, were not exposed.

THE CASTELLANE-GOULD WEDDING CEREMONY.—Drawn by T de Thulstrup.

MONEY, CURRENCY, AND BANKING.

I.

THE subject of money and the laws which govern its distribution have been made to appear so complicated that not only persons of ordinary intelligence, but experts on other subjects, shrink from an article or a book on money on account of its presumed incomprehensibility. A strange mystery has grown up in connection with a subject that concerns every civilized human being, and this mystery has been, on the whole, detrimental to the interests of commerce, whether in goods or services. The ills that come to merchants, manufacturers, and working-men—to all who have anything to sell or any desire to buy—have been increased and complicated by the money question as it has been presented in different phases at different periods by theorists, speculators, and the unthrifty. It has served the purpose of some persons at crucial periods to practise deception concerning the nature of money. In a cruder civilization than our own it was believed that money could be made out of anything by the fiat of the government. Some people have professed to think that much money in a country means general prosperity, and they point to the time of the war of secession and to the greenbacks of our own country, to the period when the nation was piling up an enormous war debt, which the people have since been paying off in enormous taxes. They think that because some manufacturers of shoddy, some sutlers, and some contractors made their fortunes in those days, the whole country was rich, and that it was the cheap greenbacks that blessed us. Many persons who are ready to permit others to do their thinking for them accept this as the truth; and yet if they stop to think for themselves, their reason will tell them that a country cannot grow rich by maintaining great armies. Riches are not made in this way by those who stay at home and pay out of their earnings the cost of the food, the shelter, the clothing, the weapons, the powder and bullets, the medical care, and the transportation of the thousands of soldiers in the field. It will tell them also that the wealth of a country consists in what it produces, and therefore if a hundred thousand citizens are taken from the fields and the shops to fight their neighbors, the aggregate production for the time during which they are engaged in international or domestic murder will be less than it is when they are employed in the less glorious arts of peace, and that therefore the wealth of the nation will be less. A nation cannot grow rich by fighting unless it conquers the enemy, and compels him to pay not only the expenses of the war, but a handsome profit on them. But up to this time no nation that ever won in a war has begun to receive back anything like the awful cost of it. There is no reason to believe that any conqueror will ever be repaid in wealth or its representative, money, for the expenditure involved in his triumph. Reason will also tell our easy-going friends that no country can get rich by printing pieces of paper and calling them dollars.

And yet the assertion that the United States grew rich during the war by making trade for the shoddy-mills and the sutlers is quite as worthy of respect as many of the arguments which are addressed to Congress and the country by those who are in favor of the silver dollar instead of the gold dollar, or of bimetallism, which means much the same thing as a single silver standard, or of paper dollars printed by the government in quantities to suit. Whatever is said here must not be considered as addressed personally to all who believe that something radical ought to be done to reform our money system. A good many honest people have been deceived, and a good many intelligent people have been mystified, by the speculations of those for whose apparently studious pursuit of this subject they have respect. They have been led to believe, for example, that there is not enough gold in the world for the proper transaction of the world's business; that gold has increased in value, become dearer, and that therefore it purchases less of other products than it used to. There is a universal outcry about low prices, and suggestions are made that if silver were used for money as well as gold, money would be cheaper and other products would be dearer. The idea has gained ground that money is something valuable in itself, something that men, especially bankers, pursue for its own sake, because they want to store it up. Therefore these greedy persons have devised methods, arts, tricks—all of them dishonorable and tyrannical—by the practice of which they may gather in the money of the world and compel others who want it to pay enormously for it.

It seems to me that, now that Congress has adjourned—the one Congress of all the legislative bodies that ever met in Washington which did most to becloud this question—it is well to make an attempt to think back out of the maze with which the philosophers have surrounded money, currency, and banking to the simple principles that underlie the subject.

What is wealth? What is money? These are the questions which first present themselves. The political economists find great difficulty in defining wealth, but for our purposes we may say that every material thing which man may use or enjoy, and which may be bought and sold, is wealth. Corn, cloth, houses, carriages and horses, and the works of art and literature—all these constitute wealth. Money is the tool by which wealth is exchanged. It is only a tool or a vehicle. For itself merely it is not desirable. It is only desirable because it enables A to exchange what he has for something that he desires without going through the clumsy, sometimes the impossible, process of a barter; and this proposition will be explained in the next article. H. L. N.

TRILBY—THE ART SIDE ONLY.

DATE the Trilbian epoch? That is so easy. The adventures of Trilby, the three "Angliches," had their beginnings in Paris just three years after Louis Philippe was launched into space.

Now the distention, collapsing, of king or emperor in Paris (and Paris is France) make no matter of difference, for emperor or king goes and comes, and Lutetia knows no change. Ulans may have galloped under the Arch of Triumph, a mere clatter of iron-shod horse-hoofs, and when the echo had died away there was the semper, eternal Paris.

In a pure scientific sense there never can be anything like unto an exhausted receiver about Paris. You can argue the reasons for that according to the best approved of modern theories. Only follow out the atomic law. Can you seize 'twixt finger and thumb the ethereal molecule forever dancing through the vast spaces of the infinite? Try and exhaust the atmosphere, and the vibratory ether smiles derisively at your silly pumpings. Paris may be perturbed for the infinitesimal fraction of a second, but then at once her wonted equilibrium is restored, for Paris is the focal centre of those countless French atoms which are forever bombarding one another.

It is then plain sailing. Without the aid of M. Paul Féval you understand why the pulse of Paris is never less than 120 beats to the minute, "montre en main," and enjoys a normal temperature expressed by "une fièvre de cheval." It is simply a resolution of forces. "V'là tout."

As chronicled in *Trilby*, Mr. Du Maurier describes the last renaissance, the modern art movement in France, and there is not in romance, or out of romance, or in any book written in English where it has been so admirably done. And for that reason *Trilby* is going to be read and cited, and re-read and re-cited, for many a long year to come. On that account I am glad that *Trilby* first saw the light in this country of mine, and I fancy I may catch it "heavy" because I believe that we do understand *Trilby* better here than, I will say, elsewhere out of France.

I do care, and care very much, for the exquisite feeling in *Trilby*, the tenderness, the manliness of it. I delight in its old-fashioned, old-flavored manners, in its buttonholings. I confess, too, to the indulgence on my part in certain chucklings because of the deserved administration of taps, fillips, snappings of fingers, chiquenaudes, if you please to call them so. I am fond of its machinery, which is so good, because it is so ancient. But others have appreciated the poetic, the lovable, the forgiving side of *Trilby*. The moral or the religious aspect of the book, you may be quite certain, will find advocates and prosecutors, and the "con" gentry and the "pro" gentry will be at it again before long, tooth and nail. Then let Trilby's passing away be read, and you can scarce do that without a tear blurring the page, for she will tell you so simply what her good-for-nothing, revered Irish father had said, "Il y aura amnistie générale." As for that blessed craving every sane man must have to commune with his Maker, how could it be better expressed than by Durien, the sculptor?

"Vois tu, Trilby, I'm much afraid He doesn't really exist, le bon Dieu—most unfortunately for me—for I adore Him. I never do a piece of work without thinking how nice it would be if I could only please Him with it."

There have been cloistered saints who in gloomy cells have painted Madonnas, and these blessed ones never murmured a more devout, a more solemn, more humble prayer than this.

Trilby is life—art life—seen through prismatic rays. Here are the rainbow colors. To a man who knew Paris, its ateliers, its art schools of forty-odd years ago, it is the most fascinating of modern books. The picturesqueness of it anybody seizes on at once; but it is the *vie intime*, which Du Maurier paints so vividly, that brings back to some of us a past existence with a whirl.

Could the author of *Trilby* ever have scaled those steep streets which led to certain studios of the Rue Blanche? There toiled and moiled, in the fifties, a crew of American painters. They flourished in that precise time when Little Billee, Taffy, the Laird, all three, trod the Parisian *pavé;* and to that atelier came often and often that sweetest of all gentlemen, George William Curtis. If the Lord had only spared him just a little longer, he would have read *Trilby* and gone into raptures over it, because the book would have brought back to him the happiest reminiscences, when he too knew Little Billee, Taffy, the Laird, Trilby herself, and Du Maurier.

Might it not have happened that, in that atelier of the Rue Blanche, Dunn English's "Ben Bolt" may have been chanted by those American painters, and so lines and melody been impressed on English ears? Many an American brought back home with him the ritournelle, with the words of "Jennie l'ouvrière," that often-sung Parisian street ballad of the fifties.

I do not care to lug in a list of sculptors, painters, composers, musicians, who exercised their influence during the *Trilby* period. The art movement of to-day began with the Revolutionary period. France wanted some grand colossus "monumentum ære perennius." The convention of 1795 screamed out, "La Victoire fournira le bronze!" to be roughly translated, "Victory throws in the bronze." That phrase sounded like a fanfaronnade. But French soldiers tore over European battle-fields, wrenched cannon from foes, and so there was bronze galore.

Besides that, it is the musical orchestration to *Trilby* which is so stirring, *épatant*. There was Charles Reade, and a very nice pamphlet is his "A Lost Art Revived," with his fiddle-varnish "sweet, clear, orange-colored, and full of fire." Mr. Du Maurier knows more about the violin than did Charles Reade. He who wrote *Trilby* appreciates the form, the wood, the physical fiddles, but then has insight of their spirituality. Look at that print of the violins at the beginning of Part V. in *Trilby*. Did Mr. Du Maurier ever see the Gillott collection? Was not that the one where every fair fiddle, like a Mary Queen of Scots, had its head cut off? I shall believe, after a while, that Chopin's Opus 29, the Impromptu, though it never was or could be sung by any human voice, was trilled by Trilby when bedeviled by Svengali. Why should I not bolt that much of a musical miracle, when I voluntarily swallow so many other romantic impossibilities?

I wish it could be understood that paper, paint, pencil, have their limitations. A great many clever people can draw the skirts of a duchess, poise a tiara on her head, clasp a river of diamonds around her neck, fit the coat to an earl, or drape the badly formed legs of a cad in decent trousers, but it takes more than that to fix on the picture the pride of the great lady or the cringe of the snob. You never can buy discernment. That is a commodity not to be had at any art-furnishing emporium I know of. That perfect appreciation comes some little, maybe, from the hand, but most from the head and the heart. It is the resultant when a well-bred, highly cultured man has, besides, the power of intense application.

I do not want to say too much of Mr. Du Maurier's graphic art. That is rather out of my province, but it is wellnigh impossible to put it aside in *Trilby*.

What we owe to this man is an art-chastening in a particular line. We imitate him unconsciously in the United States, and maybe have gone in certain directions further than he has, because we are so much younger. But to Du Maurier belongs all the praise of the initiative movement. Will you see Du Maurier at his best and in two quite different scenes? Look at Trilby in her young days, sobbing away in her narrow bed, when first there came over her that crushing sense of shame. See the three little sketches over her couch! How simply, exquisitely, the whole story is told! The other one has for title, "It was a beautiful interment, messieurs." That is the crude but sincere homage the Vinards, man and wife, pay to the memory of that dead artist, Monsieur Carrel. There goes the long, doleful defile of umbrellas. It is sadness in an endless perspective. The Vinards say: "Mon Dieu! q'c'était beau! C'que j'ai pleuré! d'voir ça!" It is high art, the highest art, to take such an incident, a dripping crowd, and depict sorrow.

Did that funeral recall the death of Gleyre, who was Du Maurier's master? A romance is great when it is so suggestive. BARNET PHILLIPS.

JOE'S CLAIM.

THERE was probably a good deal that was fraudulent in it from the beginning—that claim of Gentry's. Not that he knew it, or even suspected it; of that I am sure. It was a paternal inheritance, and his unwavering faith in his father would have stopped the first suggestion of that thought if it had ever come to his mind. As to the minority reports from committees which cast discredit on it, he never read them, and I never told him what they said. It would have done no good. He believed in the genuineness of the claim, first because he believed in his father, and then because he had learned to believe in it, his faith growing stronger each year. A man cannot follow up a matter like this for twenty-four years without teaching himself to believe in it. If there was any doubt in his mind originally—not about the justice of his case, but about the correctness of the amount which was named in the bill—it had gone years before I knew him. He was fanatically firm in his faith now. And surely, I thought, as I looked up at him surreptitiously from my writing, there would be poetic if not practical justice in the reward of these long years of patient waiting.

"Well, Joe, back again, I see. Did you have a jolly summer?" was the salutation with which I always greeted the familiar figure when it appeared in the doorway of my office, some evening about the middle of November, two weeks before the meeting of Congress. There was a pleasant fiction between us that Joe Gentry's summers were spent at the springs in Virginia or by the sea-shore on the coast of Maine. Where he actually spent them no one knew. When Congress adjourned, he made a final tour of the offices on Newspaper Row—it had come to be known as "Joe's farewell tour"—and disappeared completely from our knowledge. Many of us packed up and went away with the Senators and Representatives, to follow political campaigns, or write letters from the summer resorts, or perhaps take a desk in the home office during the Congressional recess. But none of us in our journeyings ever encountered Joe. He went into summer quarters somewhere. When Congress was about to come together in December, and the statesmen and the newspaper correspondents flocked to the capital, Joe came out of hiding. He was sure to open the door of my office some night as I sat worrying over a preliminary survey of the legislative field, and to greet me with the quiet smile and the outstretched hand that had grown as much a part of life at Washington as the restless telegraph instrument in the next room, or the mutilated evening paper and the guilty pair of shears on my office table.

He was "Joe" to all of us now, young and old. One day before my time he had stopped at a fine hotel, and the "hotel columns" of the local papers had announced in a dignified paragraph the arrival of "Mr. Joseph Gentry, of Virginia, who has come to Washington to appear before the Senate Committee on Claims to give his testimony in the matter of the Gentry bill, which will come up for consideration next Monday." Those were the days when Joe employed attorneys to look after his interests, and even hired an occasional lobbyist—an ex-member of Congress engaged in legalized blackmail—to use his supposed "influence" in support of the bill. But after a time some of the older newspaper correspondents who had known him familiarly if not intimately for ten or fifteen years—men like Major Carter, of the Philadelphia *Sun*, whose dignity and standing among public men gave them the right to be familiar even with an occasional Senator—fell to calling him "Joe"; and after that the new men heard of him first as "Joe," and called him by that name even without the formality of an introduction. He was fair game for the new-comer at Washington. Once a year at least he was "written up" in a more or less accurate way, and the story went the rounds of the daily papers, burying itself finally in the "patent insides" of the country weeklies. Very few of the facts in these letters came from Joe. He was never discourteous, but he objected to talking about his case with strangers. So most of the articles were reminiscences, such as those of us who had been at Washington for ten or fifteen years could furnish. Sometimes the articles were abusive, but never if we who knew him were consulted about the facts. We always smoothed the ruffled temper of the young man who felt hurt because Joe would not talk to him. We explained and apologized and made matters as pleasant as we could; for the most careless of us had a genuine sympathy for Joe.

"Had a jolly summer, Joe?"

Oh yes. He had always had a jolly summer, and the wrinkles in his face deepened a little as he smiled.

"Lots of lovely ladies, music, and all that, I suppose? Must have been in great demand, Joe. They don't have many men at the watering-places."

Yes, he had met some very charming ladies, and he bowed instinctively at mention of them. It had been a pleasant summer and a very pleasant fall. And now he had come back to attend to that little matter that had been overlooked or missed in some way at the last session of Congress.

"You remember that bill that Mr. Lee introduced for me in the House last session, don't you?" he would say, in apparent sincerity, and he would draw out of his pocket a well-worn copy of it. "Would you like to look over it?"

"Oh, that bill!" I always answered. "Let me see the number. H.R. 23. Yes, I have a copy of it in my pa-

pers here somewhere. I'll look it up. I suppose a little paragraph about it wouldn't do any harm. I'll remember it in my despatches to-night."

That would dismiss the subject. I would make a memorandum to remind me of it later, and then Joe and I would go into a discussion of the last election, or the prospects of general legislation in the session of Congress about to begin. And Joe was a good authority to consult; for he had been so long an actor on the Congressional scene that he knew the stage business thoroughly, and he followed the progress of public affairs with a keen interest. His memory was remarkable. He could tell you the vote cast for and against the tariff bill of ten years ago, and he knew just what members of the majority had deserted their party on the final ballot, too. He ought to have found a paying job sitting in the editorial room of a newspaper, or acting as a clerk to a new Congressman. But Joe was classed among the "cranks," and cranks are not very welcome anywhere, except perhaps on Newspaper Row, which is their chief refuge.

I have often suspected Major Carter and General Barton of giving Joe an occasional check for hunting up authorities for them; and I know of at least one occasion when the Major entered into a contract to prepare a speech for a new Congressman in consideration of a $200 fee, and turned the entire amount over to Joe for getting the material together; and that was a rattling speech too, and it made a fine showing in the despatches sent out by the press associations, so that that Congressman went back to his people and was greeted with wild acclaim, and renominated without a dissenting voice, and elected by an increased majority. And the most depressing feature of it was that he voted against Joe's bill when it came up for passage in the next Congress. And Joe, who had not been elected to anything because of that speech, smiled grimly. But he did not care. The single vote in the negative did him no harm. He was always quite sure of a majority if the bill could only be brought out of the Parliamentary maze of the House calendar and put on its passage. The trouble was, and always had been, to get it through both Houses in one Congress. If the Senate passed it early in the session, the House was pretty sure to get into a deadlock and remain there until the session was nearly over. Then private relief bills had to give way to public measures, and Joe's bill stood no show at all of getting a hearing. If the House passed Joe's bill before getting into its annual snarl, there was sure to be some new Senator who "wanted to know," or who thought that "it would establish a bad precedent," and who objected to its consideration at the one time when it had a chance of passing. And though there were those on the floor who remembered Joe as "Mr. Gentry," and who had dined with him in the Senate restaurant and received him at their homes twenty years before, there was never one of them there at the right moment to take the new Senator into the cloak-room and explain the matter to him, or ask him as a personal favor to let the bill go through. Then we, in the Press Gallery, would see the old man get up from his seat in the gallery opposite without a sign of discouragement, without a change of expression; and some one behind me would say, perhaps, "Well, the old man's had another knock-down!" But we who knew him never felt that we could chaff about it or speak of it lightly.

I met the old man in the corridor one day just after the Senate had passed over his bill, and I stopped to say a word of sympathy. There was no grief or irritation in his tone as he said: "They'll get it up again in a day or two. It will pass this time." Then he buttoned up his threadbare coat and went out into the storm—where, no one knew. Joe's abiding-place was as mysterious as his faith. And faith more perfect I never knew, I cannot conceive. The intensity of the religious fanatic was nothing to it. It was without flaw of doubting or regret. No disappointment shook its firmness. It never had the encouragement of boasting; it needed no strength of kind words from without. It was complete in itself.

On the floor of House and Senate, day after day, men wrangled and fought over "public matters" in which private interests were concerned; ranted and tore oratorial passions into fine bits, so that the country might hear their words through the agency of the telegraph the next morning, and perhaps be deceived into taking them at their valuation of themselves. Sectional differences were revived and financial struggles were renewed, and every man fought with his fellows for that which was to add to his reputation in history or his prestige with his political followers. And in the galleries sat a little congregation of men and women looking down upon them, waiting for the day when the little big things should be laid aside for a minute and the government of the United States should take the first step toward giving them justice. One waited for the pay for a patent which the government had seized in time of war, promising compensation when the war was over; another wanted the right to prove the title to land which a rich mining corporation had taken by force from the original settler; a third held a claim for property taken by the Treasury Department without warrant of law, which could only be returned by act of Congress because the money had been "covered into the Treasury," and could be taken out only by an appropriation bill. I often wondered how Senators could look up from their seats at that pathetic group and neglect it day after day, and even year after year. I suppose that familiarity with even pathos breeds some contempt of it. But I know that if the Press Gallery could have had a vote, some bills on the calendar would have gone through in double-quick time, instead of lying untouched from the beginning of the session to its end.

The House then took up bills on the calendar not objected to, and passed, among others, the following:

"Senate bill for the relief of Joseph Gentry."

That was the paragraph that I saw in the press report of the proceedings of the House when I came out of the Senate gallery one afternoon, after a long and tedious tariff debate. Some one stopped at my elbow as I was reading, and said, "Joe's bill went through this afternoon," and then passed on. It was an event almost as interesting in a little circle as the passage of a tariff bill. There were first the clerks of the Senate, who had handled the bill for so many years. The journal clerk grew almost tearfully reminiscent as he made the entry. Then there were the clerks in the Document-Room, who had handed Joe a copy of his bill with the beginning of each Congress, that he might have it introduced again; and from the superintendent, of phenomenal memory, down to the newest clerk, whose business it was to go waist-deep among the dusty papers whenever a Senator wanted a copy of an ancient committee report, I am sure that every one of them was glad for Joe's sake. And finally there were the newspaper men, who had written about Joe for almost a quarter of a century, and who had never really expected to see his bill go through Congress. To them the event meant a new paragraph in their telegraph despatches; but it meant more. It meant as much to each of them, I think, as though he had fallen heir to a small fortune. There was a note of personal congratulation in their voices as they spoke to each other about it. All of us looked for Joe that night; and about nine o'clock he came to my door with his customary smile of greeting, no more.

"Well, it went through," he said; and that is all he said on the subject, except to thank me for my congratulations. The capacity for emotion, I suppose, was no less, but it had been suppressed so long that the working of it was below the surface. Joe sat quietly looking over a newspaper until I finished the work that I had in hand. Then we "talked politics" for ten or fifteen minutes, and he went away.

"You're not going to leave us now, Joe?" I said, as he got up to go.

"I guess I'll be around for a time," he said; and then "Good-night," and was gone.

He was around the next day; saw the bill go through its experience of being copied on parchment, and followed it from the Senate to the House for the signature of the Speaker. He saw the messenger start for the White House with it, and then he disappeared for the day. The next day he was not at the Capitol. We saw nothing of him for the remainder of the week. Monday noon he sat in his old place in the gallery of the Senate, and I noticed that he arose when the Chaplain delivered his invocation, and stood with bowed head as though in prayer. He had brushed his hair with greater care, it seemed to me, and there were cuffs at his wrists (improvised, I have no doubt), where cuffs had not been in many a day. His scarf was rather smartly tied, as though for the first time in years he had looked about him and noted the prevailing fashion. He had such a quiet air of added confidence that I spoke of it to my neighbor, and we began idly to discuss the possibilities of the effect of wealth upon Joe. Presently there was a little stir at the door opposite, and a man with a white package under his arm came in. The Senate officials hurried to him, the morning business was suspended, and the messenger was recognized to deliver "a message from the President of the United States." One or two Senators walked to the Vice President's desk, looked over the message as it was taken from its envelope, and strolled back to their seats. Evidently it was not of vital interest. Presently the morning business came to an end, and the Vice-President laid the message before the Senate. The Clerk took the long sheets of blue paper in his hand and began, in a singsong tone, "To the Senate of the United States—I return without approval Senate Bill No. 53, entitled, 'A Bill for the relief of Joseph Gentry—'"

There was a noise in the gallery. The old man stood up for a moment, swaying as though he would fall. Then one of the doorkeepers hurried in and helped him up the aisle. I ran out of the gallery and into the hall. Joe sat in the doorkeeper's chair, a look like death in his face. A curious crowd of strangers hung about. He noticed none of them. When I spoke it roused him. He stood up without a word, and waving me aside, walked slowly down the hall. A kind-hearted attendant followed him to the door of the Senate wing to see that he reached the outer air in safety. I saw him from the window walking down the broad pathway that winds between green lawns from Capitol Hill to Pennsylvania Avenue. Presently the bushes hid him from my view. It was the last time I ever saw old Joe—the last time, so far as I can know, that he was ever seen. He vanished from his old public haunts as completely as when in the summer season he took his annual trips to mythical watering-places. That Congress saw him no more, nor the next. He is only a memory to those who knew him best—and a sad memory—one of the ghosts of Congressional injustice that haunt the corridors of the great white Capitol.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

CANNIBAL UPRISING IN FIJI.

FATE is a beater of drums in Fiji, and life is a dance and a hymn. Life used to be other and ruder things—drums used to beat for war, rapine, and cannibal feasting—until one day twenty years ago, when old King Vuni Valu, feeling his greatness diminishing, sent to the English Queen his favorite war-club—his war-club that had broken to death many a poor human body afterward eaten. Having done which he ordered the great drums to call the people once more to the temples. They came, appetites whetted with thinking long on the way of what awaited them: Bad Earth smelling gleefully of his companions, Abode of Treachery and Dead-Men's Flesh, with many *kusa kusas*, or injunctions to make haste. But where were the smoking ovens, the forks sacred to *bokola*, and the piquant herb which is to the thigh of a man what sage is to a goose or cavenne to a rarebit? It was to a spiritual rite Vuni Valu had summoned them. He wished them to turn Christian, like himself, for it was good that a tribe should be of one mind; and such is the philosophic and subservient habit of Fijians that they did so on the spot, saluting with all seeming reverence the strangers' God. And they learned Wesleyan hymns, gave up man-eating, and carried on their festive *mékés* with finer abandon than before.

Equal and lesser kings followed Vuni Valu's example. The most covetous of men, they could not see the bright stuffs and shining trinkets of the strangers all going to one chief. Besides, the new distant government promised to protect them against one another in their hereditary positions. After that it was only rarely, except among the hill people, that the wooden drums beat for anything save songs and dances, or Christmas chimes, or the dinner hours of the English—only rarely, but often enough to show that a race cannot change on the impulse of a moment. Though the devoutest of converts, there came times when the old life called them in irresistible accents. I write of the latest of their lapses—that which will be three months past when this is printed, particulars of which, supplementing the meagre press despatches, could not be got sooner to America, since there is but one mail a month, and a letter travels two full months before reaching New York.

It was not, as first reported, the annual gathering of taxes which set the natives of Vanua Levu in revolt, and urged them back to savagery and cannibalism. Each village tills a patch of garden; the product goes to the government. Native chiefs value their salaries too highly to permit any delinquency in the payment of this tribute, and the people find it so much less than used to be required of them that they are easily drawn upon. The trouble really began with the appointment of a chief of the west side of the island to the control of the east side. "East is East and West is West," and because the easterners rank themselves better than the westerners, they could not submit to this imposition, which was like placing a black man in command of the flower of Georgia's militia. Eager to play with his new authority, the obnoxious chief demanded of the people of Seqaqa that they come and build him some houses. Now to build a house many men must labor many days—one hundred are sometimes engaged in the mere thatching of a roof. But it has been immemorially incumbent upon natives to render whatever service or property their chief might desire. Seqaqa gave no response. More messengers arrived from the chief, and in the message they bore there was an assumption which proved as friction to a match. Burning with resentment, the Seqaqans fell upon the messengers. One was killed. Whether he was eaten, only the villagers know; but that night there were high jinks in Seqaqa. Before morning they had thrown off their loin-cloths in scorn of government and Christianity, and with faces hideously blackened, teeth gleaming viciously white, streamers flying from arms and head, the excited men went through the *bole bole*—war-dance—and brandished guns and clubs wildly in the torch-light as of old they brandished spears. "Great swelling words" were shouted in defiance of the chief who was not their chief; all Seqaqa was at the boasting pitch of bravery, which is about the highest pitch known to Fijians.

Evidently preparations had been in train for some time previously, for they presently retired to a spot they had fortified higher up in the hills. Three sides of this fort were precipitous, and only a narrow and difficult path led to it on the fourth. From this almost impregnable position they sallied forth in a few days, and surprised a town which should have been on its guard. Women were treated with violence; men were killed; two at least were borne away, and the drums sounded for *bokola*, or a human body feast. Victims of war are food to make one invincible. Moreover, nothing else than this return to the "customs of Viti" (the real name of the islands, pronounced Fiji by the Tongans) could demonstrate how utterly the spell of the stranger had been cast off. Still, they did not disdain to help out their orgies with strangers' whiskey. Yanqona of course is still drunk, as implied by the photograph—first ever taken of the ceremony—reproduced on another page. In it Ratu Epeli, son of one of the kings who ceded the islands to Britain, and, I believe, the cause of the late disturbance, is seen receiving a bowl of yanqona, his principal men of rank about him, who, when he drinks, will clap their hands in celebration, shout, and end up with a deep grunt. Until recently the yanqona root was *chewed* by young men, and the (what schoolboys would term) spitballs were put in a wooden bowl and covered with water, which was afterward strained through hibiscus fibre. Rhubarb, magnesia, various things are suggested by the taste of the yellow liquor handed around in a cocoanut shell that by long usage has acquired within a beautiful enamel like the purple bloom of a Concord grape. It is soporific to the muscles, not a stimulant to the senses, and that is why the Seqaqans, under the circumstances, preferred whiskey and rum. One may distinguish in the doorway of Ratu Epeli's house the long black neck of that which makes conquests more lasting than missions.

Several excesses were committed before the magistrate arrived from Labosa to keep matters quiet until the Governor came up from Auva in the little government steamer with his Armed Native Constabulary. Seqaqa is only seven miles overland from Labosa, but there is no track, and the forces had to skirt the coast for fifteen miles, then march ten miles through the bush to the marauders. Magnificent bronze fellows were Governor Thurston's native policemen. They were armed with double-barrelled shot-guns, wore the white native cloth produced from wood pulp, and a fringed kilt of water-weed and the brightly dyed leaves of the pandanus shrub. Their hair stood out stiff, long, crinkly. Yet, formidable as they appeared, these fuzzy-wuzzies would never, I fancy, be equal to breaking a "British square," like those Mr. Kipling sings of. A. N. C.'s are not so anglicized yet that they like to forego the preliminary challenging and boasting, or the practice of sending scouts forward fluttering palm fans to drive foes out of ambush, as farmers' wives in New England drive flies from their kitchen.

To the relief of both sides, no doubt, the fighting was brief. The Governor advanced with his men in a determined way. The marauders, after a few ineffective shots, gave in, and soon the bush was as quiet as the islet of Vatu Vara over there in the shimmering sea, where an American named Thompson lives undisturbed with his Tahitian wife and a servant or two. While the grievance remains the disaffection will continue, and likewise the danger which chills one's back; but for the present the district is again peacefully singing and dancing, going to Wesleyan services, and eating the mollusks, radiates, and vertebrates, which the strangers insist are preferable to the upper parts of warriors' arms. Nearly all of such sea food is procured by the women. In their scant garb they make a carnival of swimming and diving for fish—fish that have the most brilliant golds and greens and scarlets and silvers of any in the world. In one of the pictures herewith a group of women are returning from a fishing expedition. All but one are married women; the maiden may be told, if not by the firm flesh and full curves of her mahogany-colored figure, then by the single curl which hangs pendent over one ear. It has not been an ordinary fishing. This maiden, after sitting four days in retirement coated with oil and turmeric powder, went, according to the native custom, to bathe and fish before departing for the house of her affianced, where, by preparing him wedding-soup and breaking bread (or rather yam), with him, she will complete one Fijian form of ceremony which makes of her a bride.

FRANKLIN CLARKIN.

"MADAME SANS-GÊNE."

THERE must be something of surpassing excellence in a play that has captured in succession the capitals of the world. Wherever *Madame Sans-Gêne* has been put upon the boards, recognition has been instant, and success unqualified. It is evident, then, that it must contain in some form or other the kernel of dramatic life upon which recognition and success depend.

It is certainly not in the gorgeous stage-setting of *Madame Sans-Gêne* that we are to look for the organic unity that constitutes a play. No one knows better than Sardou himself that fine feathers do not make fine birds. A flamboyant color study of Empire gowns and jewelled sword hilts, of golden bees and broad red ribbons, may trick the eye into momentary attention, but it is not enough to fill up the two hours' traffic of the stage. Nor is it enough to concoct a series of artfully administered shocks, nor to create what is popularly known as an "atmosphere," nor to rely upon the adroitly resurrected personality of a great world-hero. The collapse, only a short time ago, of a pretentiously written drama in which Napoleon figured in the title rôle is sufficient to disprove the assertion that MM. Sardou and Moreau had only to erect a respectable-looking altar upon which the public might conveniently burn incense to the memory of the "Man of Destiny." It is true that the "Napoleon" of *Madame Sans-Gêne* is a well-constructed and genuinely alive dramatic figure. He does not appear in the prologue; we only hear of him as the young lieutenant who has not paid his wash-bill, and of whom Fouché justly remarks, "Napoleon Buona-Parte! he'll never make his way in the world with such a name as that."

It is not until the third rising of the curtain that we see the impassive figure sitting at his library table, and recognize, with a certain curious thrill, the familiar lock of hair hanging down upon his forehead. And yet the shadow of his greatness has been over all from the very beginning; his personality has been a dominant and persuasive factor at every step in the story. Here, then, is one clearly defined and continuous thread of interest cleverly woven into the tapestry that hangs before us. But a thread, even though it be a golden one, is far too slight a thing to safely uphold the Damoclean sword of popular judgment. A real drama is a living thing, and it must have a well-developed spinal column if it is to keep its feet in the hurly-burly and make its way successfully through the mob. The backbone of *Madame Sans-Gêne* is certainly not to be found in its trivial plot, nor in its three or four "situations" skilfully manufactured out of the odds and ends of the theatrical rag-bag. But it does exist and we do find it in the strong, symmetrical, and wholly fascinating character study that gives a name to the play—Madame Sans-Gêne herself. It is in following the fortunes of the rough-tongued, ready-witted washer-woman from her laundry in the Rue St.-Honoré to the gilded saloons of Compiègne that we trace real organic unity and progressive action to a definite end. Madame Sans-Gêne is the play, and, above all, Réjane is Madame Sans-Gêne.

If it be true that Sardou cut and slashed his material with the one object in view of creating a part in which Madame Réjane's genius could have full swing, it is not at all surprising that the same part in other hands should seem incomplete, and even badly balanced. When M. Worth bends his mighty intellect to the evolution of some miracle in millinery for his favorite customer, Madame X., it does not greatly trouble him (nor Madame X. herself) that the same costume, when worn by Mlle. Z., should be more or less of a misfit. The character of Sans-Gêne is almost as exacting upon the resources of a facile and versatile comedian as is that of Lady Teazle. Add to this the peculiar nature of the part in that it contains the very life and essence of the play, and, finally, that it is Réjane, and the conclusion is inevitable—the play, the part, and the comédienne are a trinity, one and indivisible.

"I shall be surprised if she does not make her way," said Sarcey, in *Le Temps*, as long ago as 1874. The occasion was nothing more than one of the ordinary public competitions of the Conservatoire, and Réjane had only secured the second prize, according to the opinion of the judges. The great critic's prophecy was to be brilliantly fulfilled in the young comédienne's career, from her début at the Vaudeville in 1875 to her latest triumph in the incomparable creation that is now so closely associated with her name.

Artiste and Parisienne are supposed to be convertible terms, and in the present case, at least, the *argumentum ad feminam* may be used to support the proposition. It was Réjane (her real name, by-the-way, is Réju) who long ago anticipated Yvette Guilbert in daring to sing with a voice that was no voice at all; it is Réjane who, with splendid audacity and absolutely sure aim, has time and again struck the apple from Mrs. Grundy's head without the ruffling of a single hair. It is difficult to think of propriety and the modern French drama going hand in hand, but with Réjane to offer each an arm they

M. DUQUESNE AS NAPOLEON IN "MADAME SANS-GÊNE."

march along with an edifying show of amiable companionship. It is true that the ice is of the thinnest, and that the mud which it covers is of the foulest; we may yet trust to Réjane's winged feet to carry her swiftly and safely over the dangerous places. It is the Gaiety girl attempting to follow in clumsy British boots who breaks through and boggles hopelessly at the very first step.

It is certainly an occurrence out of the common run that at two of the principal theatres in the city there should be nightly represented both the original and the anglicized version of a play like *Madame Sans-Gêne*, and it is pleasant to note how well Miss Kidder and Mr. Pitou have carried out their promise to give New-Yorkers a faithful reproduction of the Paris performance. So far as costuming, scenery, and even stage business are concerned, there is nothing to choose, but it is instructive to observe how much the piece gains in both strength and delicacy when delivered in the original French. It only goes to show that exotics are tender plants, and thrive best in their own soil. With the plays of Scribe and his school and the whole race of Palais Royal farces it was quite another thing. There the construction was everything and the atmosphere nothing. The scene according to the play-bill might be Paris or St. Petersburg or Vienna; the true locality was the pleasant country which the wits called *La Scribie*, a region somewhere on the sea-coast of Bohemia, and where everything always happened exactly as the dramatist wished. In *Sans-Gêne* Sardou has written according to Sardou, and not as the Scribes. It adds, therefore, to the illusion that the rabble sing the "Marseillaise" as though they had learned it in their cradles, and the argot of the faubourg falls more naturally from Sans-Gêne lips than does the language of the Tough Girl.

The first performance of *Sans-Gêne*, by Madame Réjane and her company from the Théâtre du Vaudeville, was given Wednesday night, and apart from the long waits between the acts the play went with remarkable smoothness. There is no reason, by-the-way, that there should be a pause of more than a minute between the close of Act II. and the rise of the curtain on the last act, as the stage setting is the same and there is no change of costume. Act II. ends with a strong situation—De Neipperg discovered and condemned to death—and it would be a distinct advantage to have the break in the dramatic action as short as possible. The audience has been carried to the very brink of the precipice, and every instant of unnecessary delay only serves to relax the tension. The elder Dumas understood this when, at the climax of one of his own plays, he shouted to the scene-shifters, "A hundred francs for you if the curtain is raised before the applause dies away!"

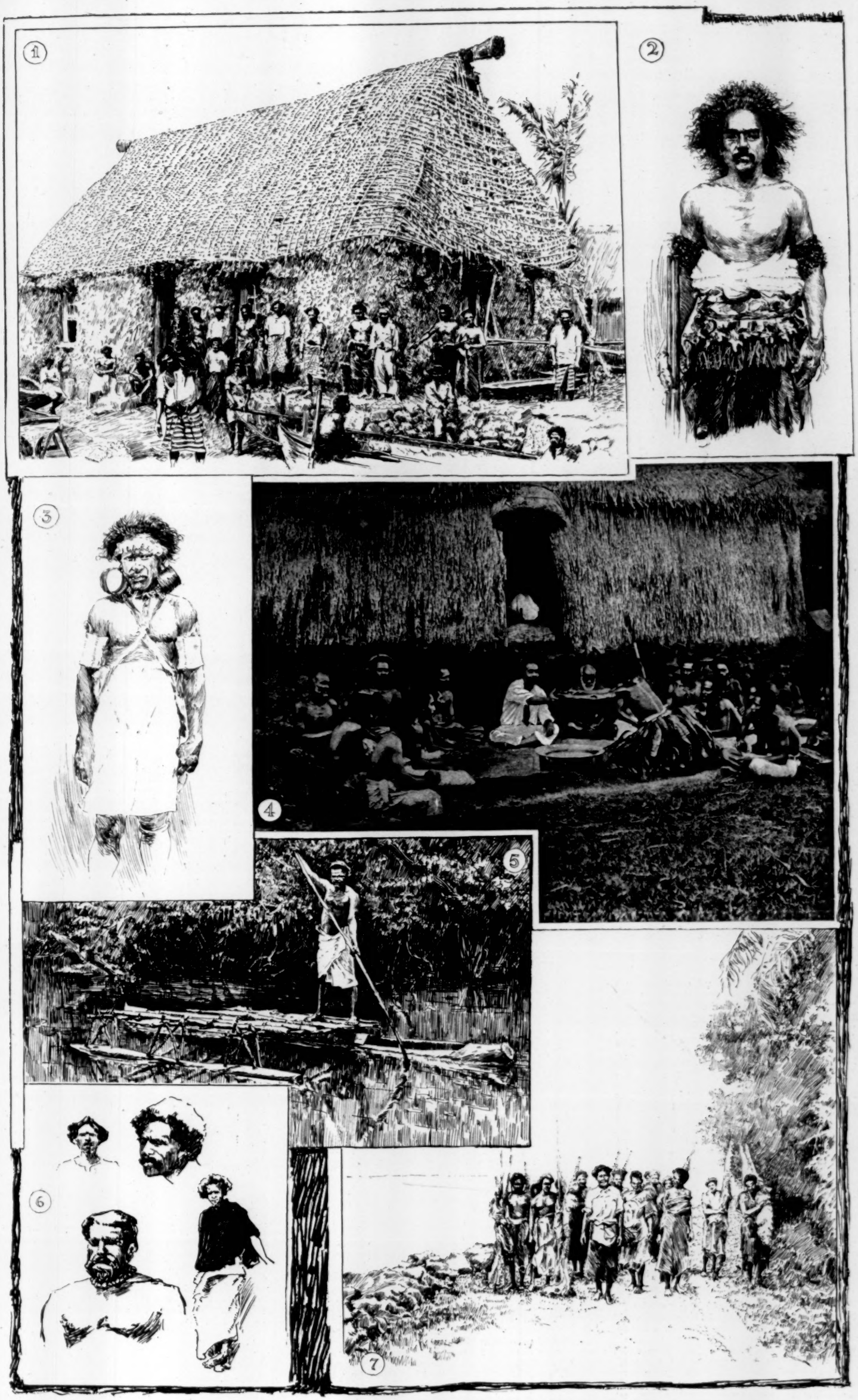
The personal success of Madame Réjane is undoubtedly assured. To be comparatively plain-looking is a distinct advantage to the French woman who undertakes to make herself adorable; there is then nothing to obscure the triumph of pure art. Her enunciation is beautifully clear and telling; she makes her points without appearing to underline them. In the vernacular of the prize-ring, Madame Réjane would be credited with the possession of a "terrible left"; her significant gestures are almost invariably made *à main gauche*. The supporting company is well balanced. M. Duquesne, who will be remembered from his association with Coquelin, played Napoleon with acceptance. His make-up was not particularly good, but he accentuated his snuff-taking with a realistic emphasis that must have been distinctly audible out on Broadway.

The production was given under the direction of M. Porel, who has the honor of being Madame Réjane's husband, and who is also the director of the Théâtre du Vaudeville. With a cast that numbers thirty-six people, exclusive of supernumeries, the task of stage-management is by no means an easy one. But Sardou does not consider that his work of author ends with the last page of his manuscript. It is in the actual rehearsal that he shows himself pre-eminently the master, and he has the power of exciting in his performers his own enthusiasm and earnestness. It is as though all were artists together and working towards one common end. And that end, to suit Sardou, can be nothing short of perfection.

It is almost superfluous to point out that the character of the Duchess of Dantzic, as created by Sardou and played by Réjane, is only identical in name with the historical Sans-Gêne. It is generally understood that Moreau, and not Sardou, was the original author of the play. The latter was only called in to give his assistance in the final process of selection, and to stamp upon it the hall-mark of his reputation for the benefit of a discriminating public, who are careful of whom they buy. The Napoleonic revival was already in full swing, and the christening was an undeniably happy thought, and entirely characteristic of Sardou's method, in which effect, to use a vulgar word for a still more vulgar thing, is all in all.

The nickname was originally applied to Thérèse Figueur, who served for twenty-two years as a regularly enlisted soldier of the French army. As she could not be entered on the roll under her own name, the recruiting officer of chasseurs christened her "Sans-Gêne" by way of compliment, meaning that she was not afraid (elle ne se gênait pas") of either man or devil. Thérèse was the model of a good dragoon; she neither swore nor smoked, and she had several amusing encounters with prudent old gentlemen who were looking out for exemplary sons-in-law, while her bravery and honesty made her the idol of the army. After Napoleon's final fall she went into business in Paris, married a gendarme, and died in poverty at an advanced age.

MADAME RÉJANE IN "MADAME SANS-GÊNE."



RECENT CANNIBAL UPRISING IN THE FIJI ISLANDS.—[See Page 223.]

1. Ratu Epeli's House. 2. An Armed Native Constable. 3. A Fiji Cook in an American Family. 4. Ratu Epeli receiving a Bowl of Yangona. 5. A King's Canoe. 6. Types. 7. Returning from the Wedding-Bath.

THE RED COCKADE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER X.

THE MORNING AFTER THE STORM.

FATHER BENOÎT had the forethought, when we reached the cross-roads, to leave a man there to await the party from Cahors, and warn them of mademoiselle's safety; and we had not ridden more than half a mile before the clatter of hoofs behind us announced that they were following. I was beginning to recover from the stupor into which the excitement of the night had thrown me, and I reined up to deliver over my charge should M. de St. Alais desire to take her.

But he was not of the party. The leader was Louis, and his company consisted, to my surprise, of no more than six or seven servants, old M. de Gontaut, one of the Harincourts, and a strange gentleman. Their horses were panting and smoking with the speed at which they had come, and their eyes glittered with excitement. No one seemed to think it strange that I carried mademoiselle; but all, after hurriedly thanking God that she was safe, hastened to ask the number of the rioters.

"Nearly a hundred," I said, "as far as I could judge. But where is M. le Marquis?"

"I LONGED TO KISS THE LITTLE HALF-SHROUDED HEAD."

"He had not returned when the alarm came."

"You are rather a small party."

Louis swore with vexation. "I could get no more," he said. "News came at the same time that Marignac's house was on fire, and he carried off a dozen. A score of others took fright, and thought it might be the same with them; and they saddled up in haste and went to see. "In fact," he continued, bitterly, "it seemed to be every one for himself. Always excepting my good friends here."

M. de Gontaut began to chuckle, but choked for want of breath. "Beauty in distress!" he gasped. Poor fellow, he could scarcely sit his horse.

"But you will come on to Saux?" I said. They were turning their horses in a cloud of steam that mistily lit up the night.

"No!" Louis answered, with a fierce oath; and I did not wonder that he was not himself, that his usual good-nature had deserted him. "It is now or never! If we can catch them at this work—"

I did not hear the rest. The trampling of their horses, as they drove in the spurs and sprang away down the road, drowned the words. In a moment they were gone into the night; all but one, who, detaching himself at the last moment, turned his horse's head and rode up to me. It was the stranger, the only one of the party, not a servant, whom I did not know.

"How are they armed, if you please?" he asked.

"They have at least one gun," I said. "And by this time probably more. The mass of them had pikes and pitchforks."

"And a leader?"

"Petit Jean, the smith of St. Alais, gave orders."

"Thank you, M. le Vicomte," the stranger said, and saluted me. Then touching his horse with the spur, he rode off at speed after the others.

I was in no condition to accompany them, and I was anxious to put mademoiselle, who lay in my arms like one dead, in the women's care. The moment they were gone, therefore, we pursued our way, Father Benoît and I silent and full of thought, the others chattering to one another without pause or stay. Mademoiselle's head lay on my left shoulder; I could feel the faint beating of her heart, and in that slow dark ride had time to think of many things—of her courage and her firmness, this poor little convent-bred one, who had not found a word to throw at me a fortnight before; last, but not least, of the womanly weakness, dear to my man's heart, that had sapped her reserve at last, and brought her arms to my neck and her cry to my ear. The faint perfume of her hair was in my nostrils; I longed to kiss the little half-shrouded head. But if in an hour I had learned to love her, I had learned to honor her more; and I repressed the impulse, and only held her more gently, and tried to think of other things until she should be out of my arms.

If I did not find that so easy it was not for want of food for thought. The glow of the fire reddened all the sky at our backs; the murmur of the mob pursued us. More than once as we went a figure sneaked by us in the blackness, and fled as if to join them. Father Benoît fancied that there was a second fire a league to the east, and in the tumult and upheaval of all things, and the consequent confusion of thought into which I had fallen, it would scarcely have surprised me if flames had broken out before us also, and announced that Saux was burning.

But I was spared that. On the contrary, the whole village came out to meet us, and accompanied us, cheering, from the gates to the door of the château, where, in the glare of the lights they carried, and amid a great silence of curiosity and expectation, mademoiselle was lifted from my saddle and carried into the house. The women who pressed round the door to see stooped forward to follow her with their eyes, but none as I followed her.

Much that passes for fair at night wears a foul look by day, and things tolerable in the suffering have a knack of seeming impossibly fantastic in the retrospect. When I awoke next morning, after tossing through three hours' troubled sleep in the great chair in the hall—wherein tradition had it Louis the Thirteenth once sat—and found André standing over me, and the sun pouring in through door and window, I fancied for a moment that the events of the night, as I remembered them, were a dream. Then my eyes fell on a brace of pistols which I had placed by my side overnight, and on the tray at which Father Benoît and I had refreshed ourselves, and I knew that the things had happened. I sprang up.

"Is M. de St. Alais here?" I said.

"No, monsieur."

"Nor M. le Comte?"

"No, monsieur."

"What?" I said. "Have none of the party come in?" For I had gone to sleep expecting to be called up to receive them within the hour.

"No, M. le Vicomte," the old man answered; "except—except one gentleman who was with them, and who is now walking with M. le Curé in the garden. And for him—"

"Well?" I said, sharply; for André, who had got on his most gloomy and dogmatic air, had stopped with a sniff of contempt.

"He does not seem to be a man for whom M. le Vicomte should be roused," he answered, obstinately. "But M. le Curé would have it; and in these days, I suppose, we must tramp for a smith, let alone an officer of excise."

"Buton is there, then?"

"Yes, monsieur; and walking on the terrace, as if of the family! I do not know what things are coming to," André continued, grumbling, and raising his voice as I retired, "or what they would be at. But when M. le Vicomte took away the carcan I knew what was likely to happen. Oh yes," still more loudly, while he stood holding the tray and looking after me with a sour face, "I knew what would happen!"

And certainly if I had not been shaken completely out of the common rut of thought, I should have found something odd myself in the combination of the three men whom I found on the terrace. They were walking up and down—Father Benoît, with downcast eyes and his hands behind him, in the middle. On one side of him moved Buton, coarse, heavy-shouldered, and clumsy, in his stained blouse. On the other side the stranger of last night, a neat middle-sized man, very plainly dressed, with riding-boots and a sword. Remembering that he had formed one of Louis's party, I was surprised to see that he wore the tricolor; but I forgot this in my anxiety to know what had become of the others. Without standing on ceremony, I asked him.

"They attacked the rioters, lost one man, and were beaten off," he answered.

"And M. le Comte?"

"Was not hurt. He returned to Cahors to raise more men. I, as my advice seemed to be taken in ill part, came here."

The man said this in a blunt, straightforward way, as to an equal, and at once seemed to be and not to be a gentleman. The curé, seeing that he puzzled me, hastened to introduce him.

"This, M. le Vicomte," he said, "is M. le Capitaine Hugues, late of the American army. He has placed his services at the disposal of the committee."

"For the purpose," the Captain went on, before I had made up my mind how to take it, "of drilling and commanding a body of men to be raised in Quercy to keep the peace. Call them militia; call them what you like."

I was a good deal taken aback. The man, alert, active, practical, with the butt of a pistol peeping from his pocket, was something new to me.

"You have served his Majesty?" I said at last, to gain time to think.

"No," he answered. "There are no careers in that army, unless you have so many quarterings. I served under General Washington."

"But I saw you last night with M. de St. Alais?"

"Why not, M. le Vicomte?" he answered, plainly. "I heard that a house was being burned. I had just arrived, and I placed myself at M. le Comte's disposal. But they had no method, and would take no advice."

"Well," I said, "these seem to me to be rather extreme steps. You know—"

"M. de Marignac's house was burned last night," the curé said, softly.

"Oh?" I said.

"And I fear that we shall hear of others. I think that we must look matters in the face, M. le Vicomte."

"It is not a question of thinking or looking, but of doing!" the Captain said, harshly. "We have a long summer's day before us, but if by to-night we have not done something, there will be a sorry dawning in Quercy to-morrow."

"There are the king's troops," I said.

"They refuse to obey orders. Therefore they are worse than useless."

"Their officers?"

"They are stanch, but the people hate them. A knight of St. Louis is to the mob what a red rag is to a bull. I can answer for it that they have enough to do to keep their men in barracks."

I resented his familiarity, but resent it as I might, I could not return to the tone I had used yesterday. Then it had seemed an outrageous thing that Buton should stand by and listen. To-day the same thing had an ordinary air. And this, moreover, was a different man from Doury; arguments that had crushed the one would have no weight with the other. Rather helplessly I asked Father Benoît what he would have.

He did not answer. It was the Captain who replied. "We want you to join the committee," he said.

"I discussed that yesterday," I answered, with some stiffness. "I cannot do so. Father Benoît will tell you so."

"It is not Father Benoît's answer I want," the Captain replied. "It is yours, M. le Vicomte."

"I answered yesterday," I said, haughtily, "and refused."

"Yesterday is not to-day," he replied. "M. de St. Alais's house stood yesterday; it is a smoking ruin to day. M. de Marignac's likewise. Yesterday much was conjecture. To-day facts speak for themselves; a few hours' hesitation and the province will be in a blaze from one end to the other."

I could not gainsay this; at the same time there was one other thing I could not do, and that was change my views again. Having solemnly put on the white cockade in Madame St. Alais's drawing-room, I could not execute another volte face. I could not recant again.

"It is impossible—impossible in my case," I stammered at last, in a disjointed way. "Why do you come again to me? Why do you not go to some one else? There are two hundred others whose names—"

"Would be of no use to us," M. le Capitaine answered, brusquely. "Whereas yours would reassure many moderate men, attach them to the cause, and not disgust the

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1985.

masses. Let me be frank with you, M. le Vicomte," he continued. "I want your co-operation. I am here to take risks, but none that are unnecessary; and I prefer that my commission should issue from above as well as from below. Add your name to the committee and I accept their commission. I do not doubt that I could police Quercy in the name of the Third estate. But I would rather hang, draw, and quarter in the name of all three."

"Still, there are others—"

"You forget that I have got to rule the riffraff in Cahors," he answered, impatiently, "as well as these mad clowns, who think that the end of the world is here. And these others you speak of—"

"Are not acceptable," Father Benoît said, gently, looking at me with yearning in his kind eyes. The light morning air caught the skirts of his cassock, and lifted them from his lean figure. He held his shovel-hat in his hand between his face and the sun. I knew that there was a conflict in his mind, as in mine, and that he would have me and would have me not. And the knowledge strengthened me to resist his words.

"It is impossible," I said.

"Why?"

I was spared the necessity of answering by an interruption. I had my face to the door of the house, and as the last word was spoken, saw André issue from it with M. de St. Alais. The manner in which the old servant cried, "M. le Marquis de St. Alais to see M. le Vicomte!" and stood back, gave us all a little shock; it was so full of sly triumph. But nothing on M. de. Alais's part, as he approached, betrayed that he noticed this. He advanced with an air perfectly gay, and saluted me with good humor. For a moment I fancied that he did not know what had happened in the night, but his first words dispelled the idea.

"M. le Vicomte," he said, addressing me with both ease and grace, "we are eternally grateful to you. I was away on business last night, and could do nothing; and my brother must, I am told, have come too late, even if with so small a force he could have done anything. I have seen mademoiselle as I passed through the house."

"She has risen?" I cried, in surprise. The other three had drawn back a little, so that we enjoyed a kind of privacy.

"Yes, she has risen," he answered, smiling slightly at my tone. "And I can assure you, M. le Vicomte, has spoken as highly of you as a maiden dare. For the rest, my mother will convey the thanks of the family to you more fitly than I can. Still, I may hope that you are none the worse."

I muttered that I was not; but in truth I hardly knew what I said. St. Alais's demeanor was so different from that which I had anticipated, his easy calmness and gayety were so unlike the rage and heat which seemed natural in one who had just heard of the destruction of his house and the murder of his steward, that I was completely nonplussed. He appeared to be dressed with his usual care and distinction, though I was bound to suppose that he had been up all night; and though the outrages of St. Alais and Marignac's had given the lie to his most confident predictions, he betrayed no sign of vexation.

All this dazzled and confused me, yet I must say something. I murmured that I hoped that mademoiselle was not greatly shaken by her experiences.

"I think not," he said. "We St. Alais are not made of sugar. And after a night's rest—but I fear that I am interrupting you." And for the first time he let his eyes rest on my companions.

"It is to Father Benoît and to Buton here that your thanks are really due, M. le Marquis," I said. "For without their aid—"

"That is so, is it?" he said, coldly. "I had heard it."

"But not all?" I exclaimed.

"I think so," he said. Then continuing to look at them, though he spoke to me, he continued: "Let me tell you an apologue, M. le Vicomte. Once upon a time there was a man who had a grudge against a neighbor because the good man's crops were better than his. He went therefore secretly and by night, and not all at once—not all at once, but little by little, he let the stream of a river that flowed by both of their farms on to his neighbor's land. He succeeded so well that presently the flood not only covered the crops, but threatened to drown his neighbor, and after that his own crops and himself. Apprised too late of his folly—but how do you like the apologue, M. le Curé?"

"It does not touch me," Father Benoît answered, with a wan smile.

"I am no man's servant, as the slave boasted," M. St. Alais answered, with a polite sneer.

"For shame, for shame, M. le Marquis!" I cried, losing patience. "I have told you that but for M. le Curé and the smith here, mademoiselle and I—"

"And I have told you," he answered, interrupting me with grim good-humor, "what I think of it, M. le Vicomte, that is all."

"But you really do not know what happened," I persisted, stung to wrath by his injustice. "You are not—you cannot be aware that when Father Benoît and his companions arrived, Mademoiselle de St. Alais and I were in the most desperate plight, that they saved us only at great risk to themselves, and that for our safety at last you have to thank rather the tricolor, which those wretches respected, than any display of force which we were able to make."

"That, too, is so, is it?" he said, his face dark. "I shall have something to say to that presently. But first may I ask you a question, M. le Vicomte? Am I right in supposing that these gentlemen are waiting on you from—pardon me if I do not get the title correctly—The Honorable the Committee of Public Safety?"

I nodded.

"And I presume that I may congratulate them on the answer?"

"No, you may not!" I replied, with satisfaction. "This gentleman," and I pointed to the Capitaine Hugues, "has laid before me certain proposals, and certain arguments in favor of them—"

"But he has not laid before you the most potent of all arguments," the Captain said, interposing with a dry bow. "I find it, and you, M. le Vicomte, will find it too, in M. le Marquis de St. Alais."

The Marquis stared at him coldly. "I am obliged to you," he said, contemptuously. "By-and-by, perhaps, I shall have more to say to you. For the present, however, I am speaking to M. le Vicomte." And he turned and addressed me again. "These gentlemen have waited on you. Do I understand that you have declined their proposals?"

"Absolutely," I answered. "But it does not follow that I am without gratitude or natural feeling."

"Ah!" he said, slowly. Then he turned with an easy air; "I see your servant there," he said. "May I summon him one moment?"

"Certainly," I said, somewhat taken aback.

He raised his hand, and André, who was watching us inquisitively from the doorway, flew to take his orders.

He turned to me again. "Have I your permission?"

I bowed, wondering.

"Go, my friend, to Mademoiselle de St. Alais," he said. "She is in the hall. Beg her to be so good as to honor us with her presence."

André went, and left us puzzled. No one spoke. I longed to consult Father Benoît by a look, but I dare not do so, lest the Marquis, who kept his eyes on my face, his own wearing an enigmatical smile, should take it for a sign of weakness. So we stood until mademoiselle appeared in the doorway, and after a momentary pause, came timidly along the terrace towards us.

She wore a frock which I believe had been my mother's, and was too long for her; but it seemed to my eyes to suit her admirably. A kerchief covered her shoulders, and she had another laid lightly on her unpowdered hair which, knotted up loosely, strayed in tiny ringlets over her neck and ears. To this charming disarray her blushes, as she came towards us, shading her eyes from the sun, added the last piquancy. I had not seen her since the women lifted her from my saddle; and seeing her now, and as I have described her, coming along the terrace in the fresh morning light, I thought her divine. I wondered how I could have let her go; an insane desire to defy her brother and whirl her off—out of this horrid imbroglio of parties and politics—seized upon me.

But she never looked my way, and my heart sank. She had eyes only for M. le Marquis, approaching him as if he had a magnet which drew her to him.

"Mademoiselle," he said, formally, "I am told that your escape last night was due to your adoption of an emblem, which I see that you are still wearing. It is one which no subject of his Majesty can wear with honor. Will you oblige me by removing it?"

"Monsieur?" she muttered, as if she did not understand.

"I think I have spoken plainly," he said. "Be good enough to remove it."

Reddening painfully under the rebuke, she looked for a moment as if she would burst into tears. Then, with her lip trembling and with trembling fingers, she began to unfasten the tricolor, which the servants had removed from the robe she had worn to that which she was wearing—it maybe without her knowledge. It took her a long time to remove it—under our eyes; and I grew hot with indignation. But I dared not interfere, and the others looked on gravely.

"Thank you," M. de St. Alais said when at last she had succeeded in unpinning it. "I know, mademoiselle, that you are a true St. Alais, and would die rather than owe your life to disloyalty. Be good enough to throw that down and tread upon it."

She started violently. I think we all did. I know that I took a step forward, and but for M. le Marquis's raised hand, must have intervened. But I had no right. We were spectators; it was for her to act. She stood a moment with all our eyes upon her, staring breathless and motionless at her brother. Then, still looking at him, with a shivering sigh, she slowly and mechanically lifted her hand and dropped the ribbon.

"Tread upon it," the Marquis said, ruthlessly.

She trembled, her face, that child's face, grown quite white. But she did not move.

"Tread upon it," he said again. And then, without looking down, she moved her foot forward and touched the ribbon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"SHE MOVED HER FOOT FORWARD AND TOUCHED THE RIBBON."

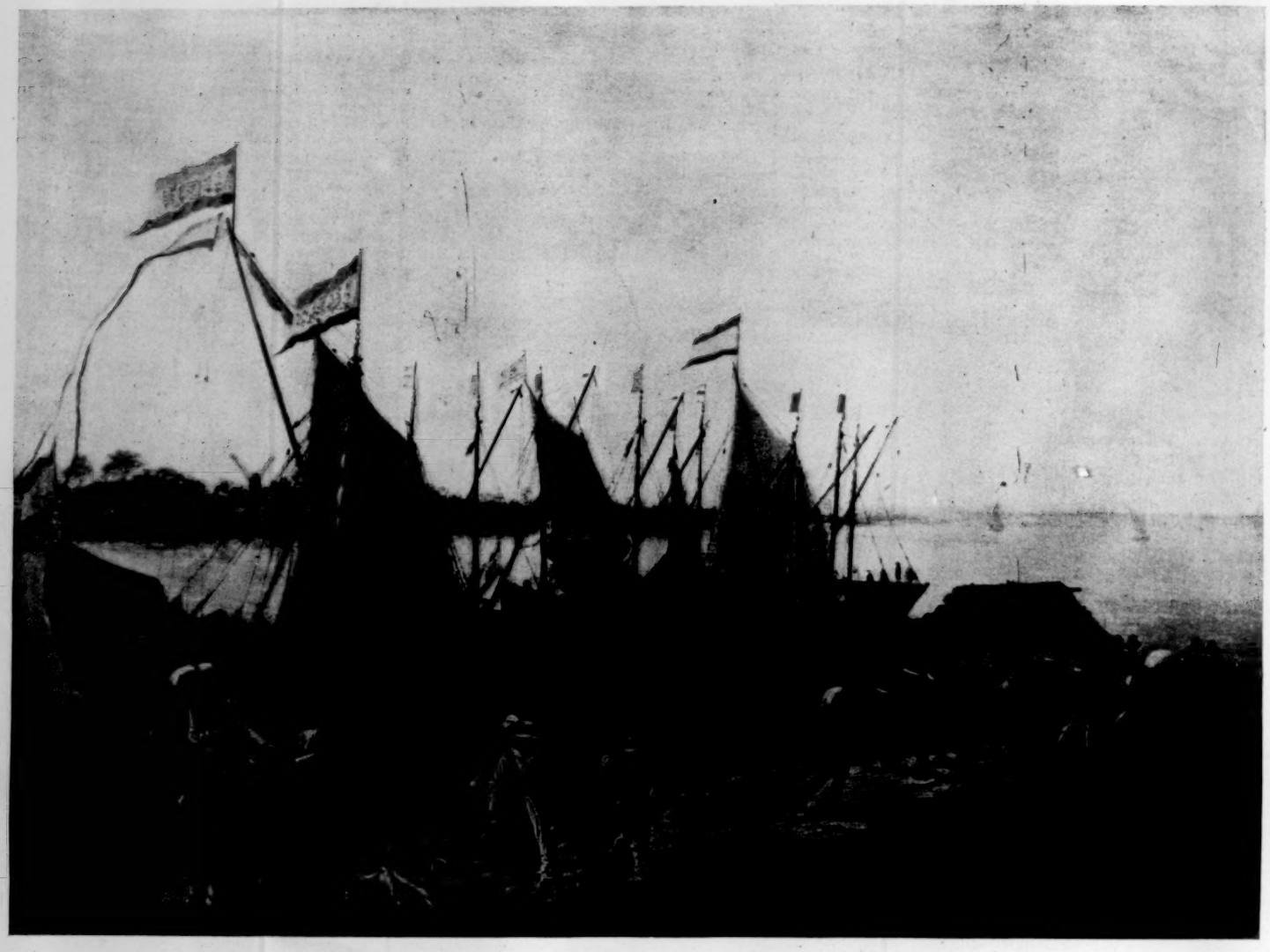
BORROWERS OF BOOKS.

A CLOSE observer of ordinary phenomena occurring around him has discovered and reports that there are people who evince a curious and deplorable tendency to borrow books. There are some people who have to borrow books, since it is necessary for them to read, and they have not, and cannot afford to buy. Honor to such persons! They must have books; they do well to borrow. It is inconvenient, but not so inconvenient as to go without, and honester than to steal. It is as much a privilege and a duty to lend books to such persons as to give water to the really thirsty. Book-borrowing is deplorable, not in the book-hungry poor, but in people who can perfectly well afford to buy any ordinary book of the existence of which they learn, and who borrow merely because they have formed the habit, or, more correctly, for lack of the habit of buying books. Now there are things that are advantageously obtained by borrowing—as cider-mills, horse-clippers, or fresh eggs—things that one only needs once a year or so, or which are troublesome to obtain. Not so with books. One needs them always, especially the good ones which he has read; and of all ways of getting them borrowing is about the most troublesome. If the intention is that the borrowed book shall be returned, there is that prospective obligation hanging over one as long as the book is kept. If the book gets damaged, the reader is ashamed. He cannot mark in it; he cannot give it away; he cannot conscientiously take his time about it and let it lie around until he gets good and ready to read it. He must read it promptly and send it back. If he makes up his mind in the first place not to send it back, he must endure the shame of intended larceny all the time he is reading the book, and the inconvenience of repentance afterwards.

It is not that borrowing books is necessarily an evidence of parsimony. It sometimes happens that people will spend money freely for the most frivolous delights, as champagne at three dollars a bottle, and theatre tickets at whatever they happen to cost, and yet feel that to squander a whole dollar on a cloth-bound novel is somehow an extravagance, and that borrowing is more seemly. There is this to be said, that you can borrow a novel and use it and return it, which cannot be done either with a theatre ticket or with a bottle of champagne. But, on the other hand, what an extremely cheap pleasure a really good novel is, considering the quantity of entertainment it gives and the number of readers it can minister to, and to well-to-do people how disproportionate the cost of buying is to the trouble of borrowing!

For you who by the blessing of Heaven enjoy easy circumstances, and spend money freely on good clothes and good food, and for amusement and for travel, it is a misplaced self-denial in these days of cheap literature not to treat yourself promptly to every desirable new book that it enters your mind to covet. Any ordinary book that you can afford to read you can afford to buy.

When you have read it, if it is worth storage, put it on your library shelf. If it is not worth storing, but is still good trash, give it to the departing guest; give it to your neighbor; send it to a hospital. Don't let it grow stale upon your hands. If you can afford it, buy books to taste and to look at as well as to read; but don't go without the reading you really want because you *can* get along without books. To go without buying books may be heroic self-denial if it is really necessary, but unless there is real need of it, it is an extravagant form of economy of which the economist ought to be ashamed. E. S. MARTIN.



DEPARTURE OF THE PURITANS FROM HOLLAND.

Reproduced from a curious old Dutch Painting supposed to represent the *Speedwell* about to leave Delftshaven, Holland, to join the *Mayflower* at Southampton.

THE EARLIEST PURITAN VOYAGE.

In a pictorial way there is absolutely nothing, so far, that we know of, of a contemporaneous character, which gives an idea of the early movement of the Puritans while on their way to America. Certain isolated portraits of individuals have been preserved, but nothing which is collective.

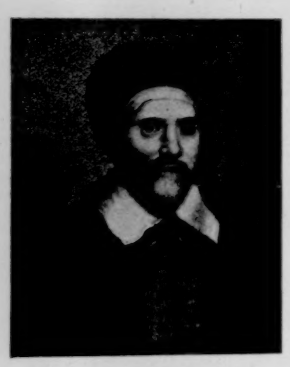
Mr. George H. Boughton, of New York, now in London, has come across a picture which is highly interesting, inasmuch as he has good reason to suppose that it represents a band of Puritans taking passage from Holland to England.

The chronicles tell us that "the youngest and strongest part" of these steadfast men left Leyden about July for Delftshaven, so as to join the *Mayflower* at Southampton.

Mr. Boughton writes:

"A most curious and interesting little Dutch painting has just been found by me, which has impressed me strongly. It supplies, I believe, a valuable illustrated page to the scant and grim annals of the early Puritan fathers and mothers of New England, representing, as it evidently does, the devoted band who took passage on the little vessel misnamed the *Speedwell*, which finally sailed from Delftshaven to join the larger party about to leave Southampton on the *Mayflower*.

"The gayly beflagged little ship in the foreground may or may not be the leaky vessel that took a portion of the Pilgrim band from the hospitable shores of the sympathetic Dutchman, but it looks very much as if it were the *Speedwell*. The flag of the House of Orange flies fore and aft, but the conspicuous figure-head is a red and rampant British lion. The shape and rig of the vessel are decidedly Elizabethan. In the blaze of her colors she is barely in harmony with her sombre passengers. The dark-garbed and steeple-hatted folks contrast with the gayly hued English crew. We know that the English sailor of this period was much more given to gaudy color in dress than the more staid Dutch mariner. The ship carries six guns. They might have been used for saluting, but probably for defence, for in those times there were many enemies on the high seas.



ARTHUR JACKSON.

"As to the identity of those who are walking along the quays, I do not think that there can be a shadow of doubt about their calling. The garb of solemn black or saddest of browns, the rigid cut and style of their habiliments, proclaim them to be English Puritans. They are distinctive in attire and gait.

"The military personage whose sword is just visible from under his dark cloak wears spurs on the heels of his 'boots of Cordovan leather' (as Longfellow has it). It looks as if he might be Captain Miles Standish, who sailed with this party. This figure has his arms akimbo, and may be picked out, as he is placed behind the first man with a bundle. To Standish's left is a man with a musketoon on his shoulder. Back of him is a figure decidedly unpuritanical. This person I take to be the skipper or the mate of the craft. Next to him is the strongest bit of internal evidence that can be found as to the precise nationality of these figures, and the one on which I particularly pin my faith. This personage has, besides the ruff, a head-gear singular and peculiar to the English Puritan parson or divine of the first forty-five years of the seventeenth century. The cap is in the shape of a half-melon, with a border of lace. It may be a frivolous arrangement, but it was novel to me until I found authentic portraits of the period wearing just such head-dresses. I send two copies of prints showing English Puritan preachers of the time. One, that of Arthur Jackson, has the cap without the lace; the other, of Dr. Richard Sibbs, wears the precise head-gear, lace and all, as is in the large picture. It might be that this figure so becapped represents that esteemed worthy, Elder Brewster.

"I do not pretend to know who are the other personages found in this company, as the artist may have depicted them. The women-folk of the party must be on board. The heavily laden female, who carries what looks like bedding on her back, is probably one of the still-surviving guild of porter-women common to most landing-places in the Low Countries.

"The principal figures to the left of the picture are evidently bits of composition intended to relieve the solemn blacks and browns of the departing Pilgrims. There is a Dutch 'Diana of the Chase' with sturdy ankles, holding in one hand her hunting-spear, and with the other a dog in leash. Her spoils, game-birds, are strapped to her broad back. She is painted as brilliant as a cock-pheasant. There is a cavalier on horseback who is buying a domestic duck from a market-woman. These are the common adjucts of the Dutch pictures of the period.

"The picture is not signed nor dated, and I cannot guess whose work it may be. I take it that the picture is the work of two distinct artists, and so far follows the method of the Dutch painters.

"The shipping, near and far, the distant shores showing a fringe of tiled cottages, the windmills bathed in the warm summer light, the broad tidal river, the pearly sky, are all as luminous, as effective, as is the best of Cuyp's.

"The figures, always excepting those on ship-board, and those representing the Pilgrims marching along, are not equal to the rest of the painting. The real picture is on the craft and in the solemn procession. It is by comparison that the landscape and shipping are made to sound the purer note. The wonder is to find an artist of that time of luscious color who would paint in at any price a band of sombre Pilgrims. He did not foresee that the time would come when the graver portion of his picture would become the theme of poet and painter.

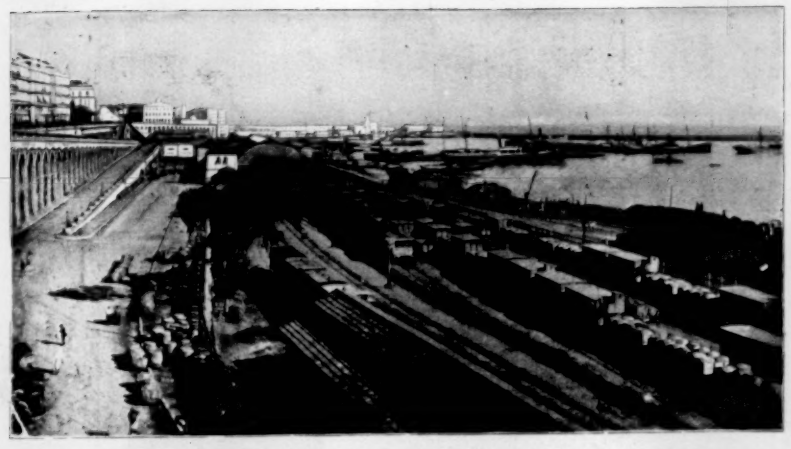
"The condition of the picture is perfect. It has not suffered from the killing kindness of the restorer. The color is like liquid amber flowing from a light and skilful brush. It is painted on an oaken panel, thirteen by twenty-three inches, the wood black with age and as hard as teak. On the back is a florid label, showing that at one time it formed a part of the Blenheim collection. It might have been one of that 'little lot' the Duke of Marlborough brought back from the Low Countries. How or why the picture migrated from the Marlborough collection is more than I can say. This collection has had more weedings out and mutations than most of the noted ones. Collections are constantly changing their status, due to passing whims or fashions. It is not every owner of a gallery who knows how to keep the best things of the right period together. It may be all right enough to use good judgment, but too commonly when weeding is done the place of the discarded picture is taken up by some billowy and bloated snam of the Italian decadence. Did not Louis the Magnificent wave with disdain from his most superior presence the little pictorial gems of Teniers, Gerard Douw, Vermeer of Delft, now worth the eyes of your head, with this lofty expression:

DR. RICHARD SIBBS.

"'Ôtez moi ces magots là!'

"With what chilling indifference Roi Soleil would have treated this little picture with its band of sober-hued Pilgrims!"

The place for this picture ought to be on this side of the water, in one of our national collections. Anyhow I am glad that through the medium of Harper's Weekly American readers can see and judge for themselves a faithful copy of that picture, which, I believe, is the only illustration of the very first of the Puritan voyages having New England as the final destination. B. P.



DEPOT AND STATION GROUNDS OF THE ALGERIAN RAILWAY—ALGIERS

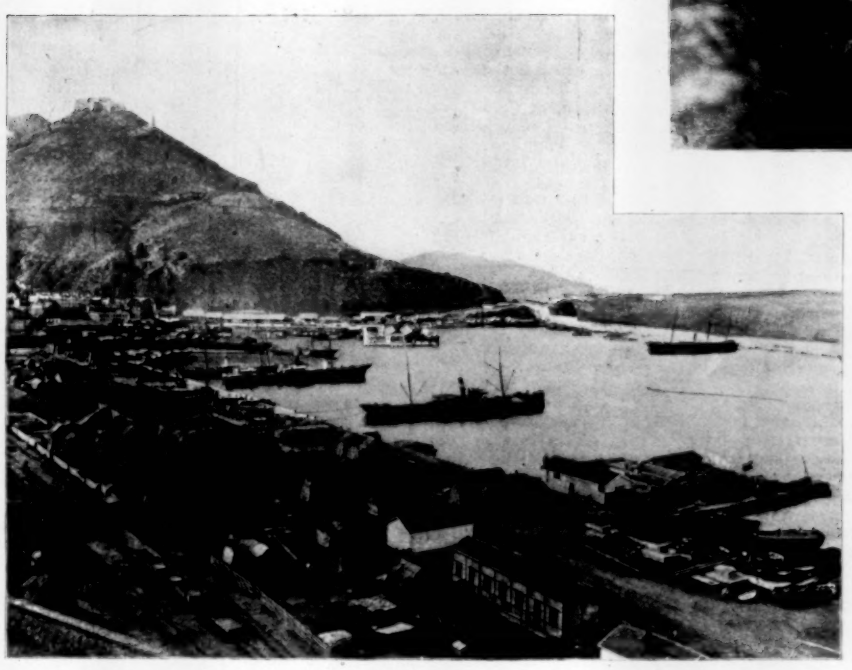
THE NEW MOSQUE DJAMAA-EL-DJEDID—ALGIERS.

STREET PORTERS—ALGIERS.

THE EMBANKMENT AND THE BOULEVARD DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE—ALGIERS.

OMNIBUS—ORAN.

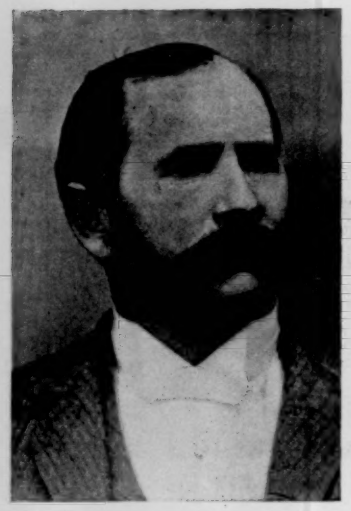
IN THE SUBURBS OF ORAN.



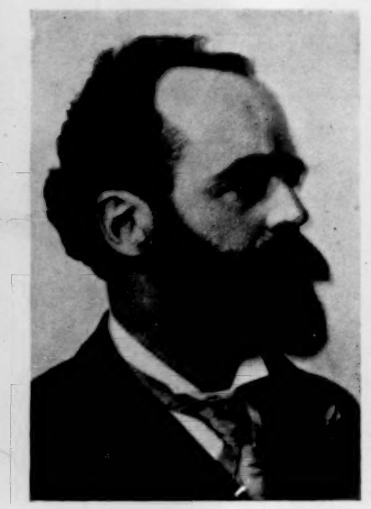
THE HARBOR—FORT OF SANTA CRUZ ON THE HEIGHTS ABOVE, AND THE PROMONTORY OF MERS-EL-KEBIR IN THE DISTANCE—ORAN.

ARABIAN WOMEN—ORAN.

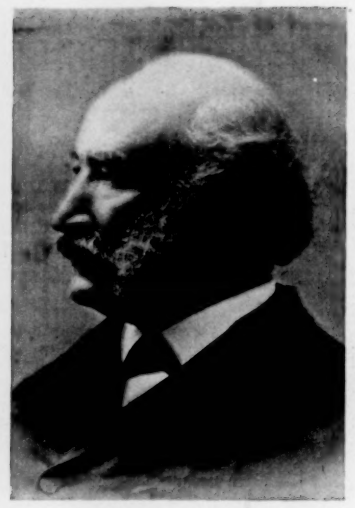
WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN ALGIERS AND ORAN.—Photographs by William H. Jackson.—[See Page 234.]



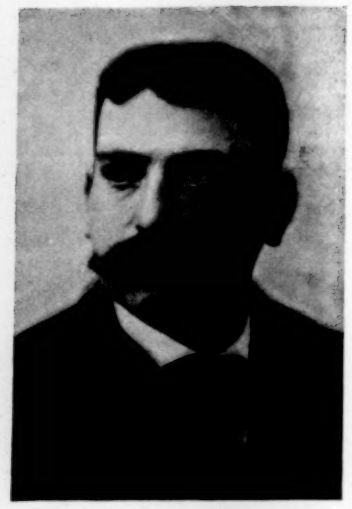
DANIEL M. BURNS.
Photo. by Taber.



JAMES H. BUDD,
Governor of California.—Photo. by Taber.



ADOLPH SUTRO,
Mayor of San Francisco.—Photo. by Taber.



MOSES GUNST.
Photo. by Taber.

REFORM IN SAN FRANCISCO.

BY JULIAN RALPH

IT has been commonly said, and it has been more or less the truth, that San Francisco started and grew up without orthodoxy. Swelling up out of a miners' rendezvous, made up of the boldest and least conservative elements in the country at its start, separated from the rest of the world by a mighty mountain range on the one side and a mightier ocean on the other, it worked out development upon its own lines. And the marvellous prosperity that came to it was calculated to keep its people easy and confident in their own freedom from the minor restraints of more matter-of fact civilization. The absence of what may be called the Puritan spirit, which has leavened the bulk of our nation, has been commented on in San Francisco as aiding to fasten upon the city what the Western folk call the "wide-open" characteristics with which all of our newer cities west of the Missouri have been so singularly and, to us, so shockingly marked. But to-day little of all this is true of San Francisco; or at least what is left of this condition is a fading relic upon which a fierce white light is being thrown by the people themselves. It may be because of the inflow of a great body of the conservative folk of the East, or it may be due to the sobering pressure of comparative hard times, but whatever be the reason, not only San Francisco, but all of California, is stirred by such a billow of the reform spirit as has surged over no other community—not even New York—within recent years.

In another paper I have told of the uprising of the Californians against their powerful common enemy, the railway monopoly. This protest has been expressed in mass-meetings, in the form of monster petitions, in the active co-operation of the independent capitalists with the masses, and through a united and powerful press. But beside this, and growing with and out of it, is a still stronger pressure for purer and better government. What may be called the Parkhurst spirit is reflected in greater or lesser reform movements in all our principal cities this winter, but nowhere is this so hearty or so generally shared by the people as in San Francisco. In some places the movement seems too much a mere diversion forced by the press, and taken up by those who love most to keep themselves in evidence. But in San Francisco the struggle is from the very soul of the population. It began with the overthrow of the political bosses at the polls last autumn, and the restoration of many of the important public offices to the decent people. And it has gone on with added impetus every day that has dawned since then. There is demanded an investigation into past and present abuses; and though the State Legislature, which must authorize the step, is lukewarm, the people are hot for it. It will be held under better conditions than that by the Lexow commission in New York, for there public interest and indignation had to be aroused, while in San Francisco both are at the boiling-point.

The movement is led by what is called the Civic Federation, which is said to represent fully half the voting population. This organization is made up of representatives of so many reform societies that a mere enumeration of them excites surprise at the breadth and depth of the progressive spirit in the once wide-open city. These bodies are the Citizens' Defence Association, Good Government Club; Law and Order League; Union for Practical Progress; Committee of Eleven; Builders' Exchange; Federated Trades; Anti-Dive Association, Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Golden Gate Union of Christian Endeavor; San Francisco Epworth League Alliance; Woman's Christian Temperance Union; Home Protection League Union. These have been joined by the following Protestant churches: the Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Methodist Episcopal, Congregational, United Presbyterian, Unitarian, and the Baptist.

The proposition is for a public investigation *à la* Lexow, rather than a close-chamber Grand Jury inquiry, and to this end a non-partisan commission bill is before the Legislature, with a clamorous body of reformers at the State-house doors demanding its passage. And speaking for the best citizens, the Rev. Mr. Dille has recently said:

"It proposes to turn the search-light into every hole and corner of the 'tenderloin' district—a district whose very popular name is eloquent of the police corruption that thrives and fattens upon the vices that fester there. Our crusade is not alone against the more repulsive and gross forms of vice; it will try to trace corruption to its source. We mean especially that every man who has debauched the franchise shall be brought to justice, if we have to drag him from his seat in the State Legislature and set him to picking jute in San Quentin.

"The Civic Federation gives notice that it is in this work to stay. This is not a spasm of virtue, as one of our legislators termed it. We will not be intimidated; we will not be side-tracked; we will not be discouraged; for we believe that if San Francisco is to get back self-government by more peaceful methods than those of 1856, now is her time."

The most effective of the organizations of the reformers is the Citizens' Defence Association. It was formed of a number of the members of that special Grand Jury of which I speak elsewhere, which seemed about to purge local politics of their worst manipulators, when a court declared it to have been improperly constituted. Some of these Grand Jurors, and others who sympathized with them, formed this Defence Association to go on with the good work, unofficially, but none the less persistently. Their work has told for the betterment of government and the purification of politics. They secured the passage of a "corrupt practices act," which limits the campaign expenses of candidates for public offices, and which, with fine detail, seeks to put an end to every form of corruption of the suffrage. It is, like the English purity-of-elections law, bristling with such penalties as forfeiture of office, which tend to spur competitors to watch their rivals and assist in the maintenance of honesty. The law, passed two years ago, greatly startled the politicians. Mr. John P. Dunn, who drafted this statute, as well as the act known as the franchise and anti-clean-up laws, has been a reformer for fifteen years or more. He has twice held the place of State Comptroller, has been City Auditor, and is Registrar of the Federal Land Office. He is the secretary of the Defence Association. Mr. Joseph Britton, chairman of the Board of Freeholders that drafted the new charter, is president of the Defence Association. He is a lithographer and a capitalist in private life.

When a national ticket is to be elected San Francisco is considered good for the Republicans by 25,000 majority, but at periods of lesser excitement the city is slightly Democratic, say by from 2000 to 3000 votes. The city is hard to place for the further reason that it casts the most independent vote of all the cities of the land. At the last election, for instance—and it is a fair illustration—the successful candidates went into office by majorities ranging between 4000 and 30,000. At that time the Democrats won 25 places, the Republicans 35, the Non-partisans 26, and the Populists 3—including the Mayoralty. Some of these victories were duplicated, or divided, because the Non-partisans endorsed both Republicans and Democrats, and so lent their force to certain victories. In the field were the tickets of seven parties and factions—the Non-partisans, the Democrats, the Republicans, the Populists, the Prohibitionists, the Social-Laborites, and the Independents.

The most intelligent, respectable vote is that cast by the Non-partisans. They have a regular organization, and have a right to be placed on the official ballots as a regularly organized party. Their policy is to endorse such other regular nominations as they consider fit and respectable, or, if no proper candidates appear for any office, to make suitable nominations of their own. Theirs is not as effective a machine as either of the two old parties have created, but the Non-partisans have not hesitated to utilize machine methods—of honorable kinds—or even machine experts, when it has been well to do so. In the first year of their organization they put a noted "boss" in charge of their campaign, under a committee of business men.

A glance at the course of the last few elections will show how the two old parties have been manipulated by bosses, and why a combination of self-respecting voters has grown into being, and has developed such weight as to have won the balance of power at the last election. Except that parties go in and out of power more frequently in San Francisco, and are divided into more organizations than in New York, it may seem to the general reader that not even New York under Tammany Hall has been any more the sport of self-seeking politicians than this newest of the large cities of the land.

For a period of six years "Chris Buckley," the blind boss, was in almost absolute control of the dominant machine, and of all the offices except the Police Commission. He was known all over the Union as the "blind boss," for he had almost completely lost the use of his eyes. It is said that he can see daylight, but not much else. In California they have another nickname for him. It was given to him by a Chinaman, and it has fastened itself upon him irrevocably. "Go and see the blind white devil," said this Chinaman when advising a friend in distress. Buckley came into power in 1882, and was at the height of it in 1886–8. He suffered a great reverse before that. The success of the Blaine campaign of 1884 swept all the Democrats out of the offices, but two years later Buckley was uppermost again. Then came a great uprising of the decent and responsible citizens, who assisted the Republicans, and took from Buckley half the patronage offices.

It was a revolution, but in effect it only exchanged one boss for two, because when the control passed over to the Republicans, their organization was manipulated by Messrs. Kelly and Crimmins—one a junkman and the other a saloon-keeper. These were reckless, short-sighted bosses, who kept no pledges, not even the bargains with their own lieutenants and gillies. On top of their misrule came the formation of the best influence San Francisco has ever felt in her politics. This was the so-called Non-partisan movement. It was in 1892 that the Non-partisans overthrew Kelly and Crimmins, electing a Non-partisan Mayor and other officials, and giving most of the patronage offices to what was called the reorganized Democracy. Buckley had then left the State.

In 1890 there had been a "combine" or union of twenty-four Senators who formed a pool that was to establish rates for legislators and to divide the winnings. The Legislature was Republican, but these rascally Senators were of both parties. To further their nauseous scheme they relied upon one of the Republican bosses, who was to act as their agent. He did not satisfy them, and they turned to another. One boss overbid the other, and the man who had bid too low for their votes added to whatever of humor there could be in such a situation by charging the twenty-four thieves with "not acting like honest men." After the legislative session, a man who had served as messenger for the combine sued sixteen of the scoundrels for his dues. Upon the witness stand he unblushingly narrated the whole shocking story of the crooked alliance. A special Grand Jury, including some very respectable citizens, was impanelled to inquire into this startling exposure, and Buckley and others were indicted. Then it was that Buckley discovered business that required his absence from California, and he went to Europe by way of Canada. As has so very far too often happened in California, one of the courts made a ruling that upset the projects of those who were battling for decency in politics. It declared that the especial Grand Jury had been improperly impanelled. The one great good that resulted from this outburst of public indignation was the foundation of the Citizens' Defence Association, of which more is presently to be said.

Buckley came back in 1894, and got control of the San Francisco convention, but his ticket was defeated at the polls. Thus his boss-ship came to an end. To-day the Democrats have no great pantata at all. The Republicans are almost equally to be congratulated, for they have only the remains of "Dan" Burns, which, from a sanitary point of view, are offensive. He made an especially hard fight for Mr. Estee for Governor last fall, but he played his hand too openly, so that though he dictated the nomination, he displeased the people, and Estee was beaten, though the rest of the Republican State ticket was elected. The Democrat who became and is Governor is that sterling citizen whom the old Californians delight to refer to as "Jim" Budd, with the affection of old companions, and the respect of honest men for one of their kind. He is a rugged, high-minded, independent man, who, when upon the stump, used to ask for the votes of his hearers, while at the same time he gave notice that if he should be elected he would be his own master.

Burns lost all the best offices in San Francisco at the same time that Budd beat his candidate for the Governorship, so that "the boys" are down on Burns, as the saying goes, and he is not considered as a personage of importance in politics. New-Yorkers will read an account of his career as if it were a bit of their home political history. He had been a county clerk elsewhere in the State, and was elected Secretary of State. He was indicted and tried for a deficit in the public accounts, and his defence cast suspicion upon his deputy. The deputy escaped on similar grounds. Burns went to Mexico after his acquittal, and became the owner of a splendid mining property—one that is said to return him a profit of a thousand dollars a day. His first appearance as a State boss was made in 1890, when he carried a convention for Markham,

his candidate for Governor. Failing to control the county committee in San Francisco in 1892, he became a reformer —a Non-partisan—in an endeavor to destroy the Republican machine. He succeeded magnificently, and gained complete control of the Republican organization in time for the election of 1892.

Burns's Governor, Mr. Markham, was an unfortunate weakling, who is exceedingly unpopular just at present, and for a good reason. The Governor has the appointment of the Police Commissioners of San Francisco if they, or any of them, die or resign. His friend Burns had been appointed by him to one of these commissionerships. When Burns was beaten in his effort to make Estee Governor he resigned. No one knows exactly why he gave up the office, but it is understood that he recommended the appointment of "Mose" Gunst, a San Francisco sporting-man, in his place. Governor Markham made the appointment as his final act in office, and a hot wave of indignation passed over the whole people of the State. It was an act in defiance of decency. The first notable step of the new Governor, Budd (and this is what has just taken place as part of the stress of the reform movement that shows itself in so many phases just now), was the removal of "Mose" Gunst, and the appointment in his place of a respectable citizen of old and good California blood. Gunst will sue for reinstatement, and the knotty question whether or no a Police Commissioner is an office-holder for life will at last be settled.

In explaining how there can be any such question I shall show in part how terribly San Francisco has been misgoverned, and how surely she will continue to be misgoverned if present methods continue and the new charter is beaten. The present charter of the city consists of the original primitive charter of 1856 with nearly two hundred supplementary clauses—conflicting, confusing, in part unenforced and dead, and unintelligible in their relations and effect one upon another. These amendments to the original law of a mining settlement have been enacted as general laws applicable to places of specified population, so that up to this time it has often been found that a law ostensibly offered in behalf of Fresno or Shasta has worked mischief in San Francisco. Under this old charter, the Governor of the State has had almost as much influence upon the government of San Francisco as its Mayor. He has had the appointment of the members of the principal boards of the government, and in spite of the fact that a system of park boards more or less similarly appointed in Chicago have proved the most admirable branches of that city's government, all students of municipal management agree that the method works evil as a rule, in dissipating responsibility, and in educating the inhabitants of a city to refrain from interesting themselves in local self-government.

The Governor of California appoints these boards for San Francisco: the Pilot Commissioners, the Harbor Commissioners, the Park Board, the Police Board, the Port-Warden, the Board of Health, and the Registrar, who is nominally only the secretary of the Election Commission, but who has independent powers which render him a very considerable factor for good or evil in the conduct of the city elections. With the Fire Commissioners, also, the Governor has some appointing power of uncertain quality. The old district courts used to appoint two commissioners and the supervisors appointed three, but of late the Governor fills certain vacancies in the board, and, as in the case of the Police Board, no one knows whether his appointees are to feed at the public crib for life or for what length of time.

In the case of the San Francisco Police Commission the old charter left the appointing power with certain district courts, which went out of existence with the adoption of a new State Constitution in 1879. New courts were formed in their places, but the new ones did not inherit the full powers of the old ones, and so the appointing power over this board disappeared. In time a barnacle commissioner of the board had his grip loosened by death, and, under a constitutional provision meeting such cases in a general way, the Governor appointed Daniel M. Burns, the noted Republican boss, to fill the vacancy. When beaten at the polls he resigned the place, and the Governor appointed "Mose" Gunst, as I have described. And Gunst, who fancied himself a life-long beneficiary of the public, like all the commissioners who have gone before him, now sues for restoration to the place, while Governor Budd awaits the decision of the courts, intent upon removing the two other life-long commissioners if the decision shows that he had the power to remove Gunst.

The proposed new charter has been drawn up by twelve so-called freeholders, elected especially to perform the task. This is the fourth attempt within fifteen years that the citizens have made to abolish the misrule that the old charter, lame relic of their earliest days, has imposed upon them. Each time their efforts have met with defeat at the polls. Once, it is believed, the vote for the new charter was manipulated by ballot-box tamperers; again, a clause in another bill offended the Roman Catholics; later it was defeated by the apathy of the decent folk and the activity of the corrupt element in politics. This fate is the one that is most dreaded for the present instrument, for it is certain that the master politicians will poll all their hangers-on and all the vicious and disreputable voters against it, and will defeat it unless there is an earnest effort to vote them down. The twelve freeholders who have drawn up the present bill are prominent and reputable citizens and men of affairs, and they have worked with a full knowledge of the defects of the previous instrument and of the wishes of the majority of the tax-payers. The new charter will be voted upon within a month, but, whether it is adopted or not, its main features will be interesting as showing the inclination of the better thought of the time upon the subject of municipal government.

By the proposed charter the Mayor is to appoint all the heads of departments now left to the Governor's choice, except a few whose duties are thought to give them the character of State rather than city officials. Such are the Harbor Commissioners and the Pilot Commissioners. The Mayor will gain tremendous power in the matter of appointments. In fact, the main feature of the instrument is that it centres in the Mayor nearly full responsibility for the conduct of city business. He will appoint the police judges, the justices of the peace, the Board of Education, the County Clerk, the Recorder, tax-collector, coroner, and public administrator, the last six departments being within his power after such time as the amended laws permit. He will have the power to appoint Commissioners of Public Works, Park Commissioners, school directors, library trustees, Police Commissioners, Fire Commissioners, commissioners of the Board of Health, election commissioners, and the civil service commissioners, or forty-nine officials in all. The Mayor will become, in fact, what our Mayors seldom are, the true and actual executive head of the government, and cannot shift responsibility for the execution of the laws, the proper fulfilment of contracts, or the performance of their duties by his subordinates. For cause he may remove any official within the list of his appointments, and may suspend any elected officer upon grave charges until his case has been investigated by the supervisors, nine of whom can dismiss an elected official for proved cause. It is this concentration of immense power in the hands of the Mayor that is already being made the chief object of attack by those who hope to defeat this latest effort to reform the government. They say that in the hands of a corrupt or inefficient Mayor such power is dangerous beyond the value of the benefits it confers upon the city when used by an enlightened executive. The friends of the charter say that the drift of enlightened public opinion favors this concentration of responsibility, and they add that, after all, the Mayor of San Francisco will not have more power than Brooklyn's Mayor has already, or than the Mayor of New York has had since the power-of-removal bill passed the Legislature of the Empire State.

The elective officers under the new charter are to be the Mayor, the twelve supervisors, the auditor (who will have a large veto power in financial matters), the treasurer, the assessor, twelve superior judges, the district attorney, the sheriff, and the school superintendent.

An important feature—new to this city—is a Board of Public Works that is to have control of streets, sewers, public buildings, city wharves, and improvements in general. Taking warning by a defect in the charter of a neighboring city, its members are made responsible to the Mayor, and may be removed by him at any time.

Civil service reform is provided for by putting the control of minor appointments under the merit system with a Civil Service Commission. A non-partisan Election Commission is provided for, and a non-partisan Police Commission and Fire Commission are set up.

The new powers given to the supervisors are to enable them to provide for tunnels under the streets and parks for transportation or other purposes; to allow one street railroad to use the tracks of another for any distance on paying its share of the cost; to fix and reduce street-car fares; to allow steam railroads having fifty miles of road in operation to enter the city; to provide for a sale of city property on the affirmative vote of all members; to make arrangements, with the consent of the voters, for securing by purchase or construction water-works, gas-works, electric light or power works, telephone lines, and street railroads.

Franchises for street railroads are to be sold at auction; exclusive franchises for conduits, etc., are forbidden, and at least two per cent. of the gross receipts of railways is required to be paid to the city.

The salaries of subordinates will be set by heads of departments under proper limitations, and instead of the former shiftless plan of allowing the departments to draw from a general fund, there has been substituted a system of apportioning the revenue into specific sums to form appropriations for maintaining the various bureaus of the government. The single-headed commission idea has not found root in the new bill. There are to be non-partisan boards of four fire, four police, four election, three civil service commissioners, five school directors, three public-works commissioners, three health commissioners, and so forth.

Very startling statements are made about the corrupt practices of the San Francisco police in times past, and even to-day, though the Chief of Police denies that he has any knowledge of the evils. The fact is, of course, that the tendency to protect favored law-breakers for a private consideration in all probability began with the first policeman who ever carried a lantern or a rattle. The same corrupt practices are doubtless indulged in to greater or less extent in every city in our country. But in San Francisco it seems to me to be quite likely that the evil is trifling as compared with that which has been exposed in New York city. The noisome houses that paid $500 a month for protection in the metropolis may, in a small number, pay $15 or $20 a month in San Francisco. If there is a "tenderloin" in the city of the Golden Gate it is the famous Chinatown, or colony of Chinese, in the heart of the city. These Orientals maintain several lotteries that do not confine their corrupting influence to the yellow-skinned race, and they are given to playing the illegal game of fantan, and to maintaining stews for themselves and for the most wretched among the white people. If there is great corruption in the police force, as is publicly charged, this Chinese colony is the seat of the bulk of it. Elsewhere in the city there may be a dozen gaming "hells," and there is a suspicion that these are "protected." Since the liquor saloons are not regulated, as ours in New York are, by a limitation of the hours in which they may do business, it is not believed that they yield any illicit revenue to the police.

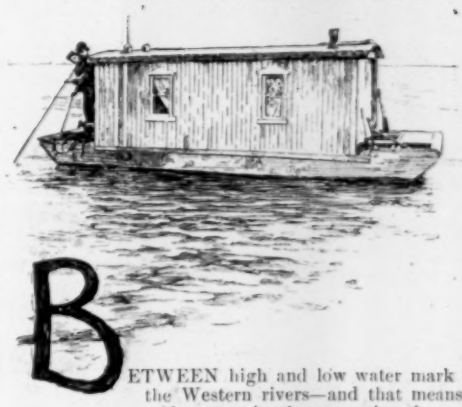
Stronger suspicion rests upon the practice of under-assessing real property, and upon the methods of the supervisors in their most important functions. So strong has been the belief that former boards of supervisors have been corrupt that they have been prohibited from passing upon any franchise or public privilege within ninety days before election day, or seventy days thereafter. This is what is called the "anti-clean-up law," a nickname that it obtained because the supervisors used to "clean up" retarded or back business by rushing public franchise ordinances through their body at the end of a term when they were about to return to private life and had nothing more to hope or fear. The annual water order, fixing the rate for both public and private supplies of water by the company that furnishes water to the city, has been considered the first object that might tempt the supervisors to dishonesty if the company itself were lax. A reason why such suspicion might gain ground—however honorable the company might be—was that the water rates always seemed excessive to the people; and, moreover, the company has an immense income, out of which it is thought to pay only about one-third for taxes and operating expenses, leaving the remainder free to be devoted to the payment of interest and dividends. The street department has at times been the subject of criticism and suspicion, but these are all matters about which it will not be fair to speak too positively until the mere smoke of gossip is separated from the true fire of dishonesty.

There are three powerful champions of progress and reform in California to-day—all conspicuous, and all newly born to their prestige. The first of all of these is Governor James H. Budd, who was elected as an anti-monopoly candidate pledged to oppose the greed of the Southern Pacific Railway. The second is the newest hero, Mr. Claus Spreckels, the leading investor in the proposed opposition railway through the San Joaquin Valley—the road which is believed to be going to break the yoke that the monopoly has put upon the State. The third is Mr. Adolph Sutro, the new Mayor of San Francisco. He was the candidate of the Populists, but he was not regarded or elected as a People's party man by the San Franciscans. They cast for his election ten times the vote that the rest of his ticket received. He ran and won on his own individuality. Just before his nomination he had begun to build a street railway out to his park on the cliffs by the Golden Gate, doing so in order to carry the public out there for five cents. The Southern Pacific company owned the only other railway, and charged ten cents. After Mr. Sutro's nomination the monopolists reduced their fare to five cents, and the effect this had was to carry Mr Sutro into the Mayor's chair on a wave of gratitude and enthusiasm. In his antipathy and opposition to the Southern Pacific company he is so intense as to be deemed eccentric, but such eccentricity could not damage any man's popularity under the present conditions in California. He is the largest land-owner in San Francisco. His property comprises one-fourteenth of the land of the peninsula on which San Francisco is built. It is mainly unimproved property out beyond the city, on the sea-shore, but it is soon to become very valuable, and for years a part of it has been improved into that park around his house, which is familiar to all travellers and tourists who have been out to the famous Cliff House and to the baths and seal rocks. If it is true that Mr. Sutro's enmity toward the monopolistic railway is due to the fact that it interfered with his private interests as a land-holder, it is equally true that the people believe the railroad to have interfered with all their private and public interests, so that no one blames the Mayor or questions his motives.

Mayor Sutro is well along in years, and being very wealthy, is deemed to be ready now to seek only public approbation and honor. He is a Hebrew. He is very public-spirited. It has cost him between $15,000 and $20,000 a year to keep up his beautiful park, solely for the public benefit. He is said to be about to build a fine public library building, and to present it to the city. He has purchased and stored away nearly 200,000 volumes—many of which are of great value and rarity—with which to equip the forth-coming building.

It may occur to the reader that, with such men directing the public as leaders of great reform movements, there is little need of digging into the corruption of the past. It may seem that with a new charter to be fought for, with the political machines broken, the bosses out of work, and a sensitive, independent vote aroused and well organized, the necessity for a Lexow inquiry is small. Thus it seems to me; indeed, I think that in such an investigation there is danger of dissipating public energy and exhausting the present reform impetus. In New York we needed the Lexow committee's work to rouse public interest in the situation. In San Francisco the people may congratulate themselves that this end has been reached without the investigation.

THE SHANTY-BOAT PEOPLE.



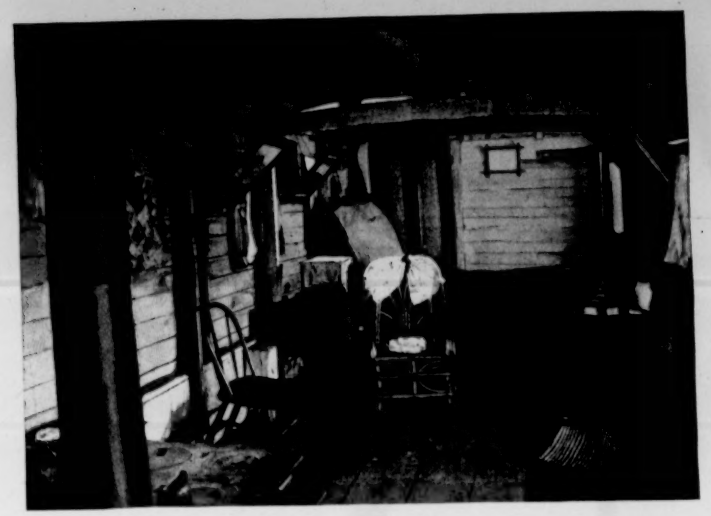
BETWEEN high and low water mark of the Western rivers—and that means a wide range in those erratic streams—is a stretch which might well be termed "No Man's Land."

For months in winter and spring it is, indeed, no land at all, for the boiling yellow waters roll over it; as they fall, foot by foot the slope of oozy clay appears, bristling here and there with a stubble of naked willow shoots, and littered with drift left by the receding current.

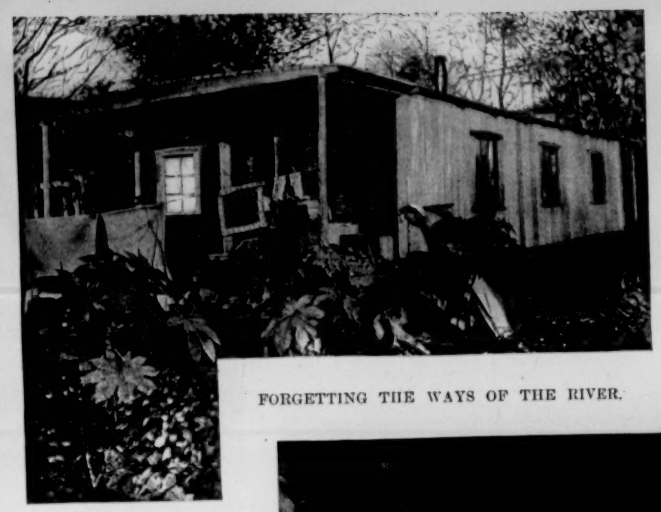
The water has hardly fallen away, however, before little green things begin to come up; first, cockle-burs, ragweed, and water-hemp, then bur-marigolds and morning-glories, followed by wild sunflowers, which nod in the river winds, and fling out their long yellow rays with all the grace of golden lilies; finally, if the season be long enough, these give way to a wealth of brisk little asters. All enjoy their life estate, if the river remain low, but all are regarded by the capricious stream as mere squatters, to be driven out at will, and its notice of ejectment is a summary drowning.

Nature takes the chances of such a residence freely, but man will generally hesitate, and the more substantial his interests, the less he will intrust them upon so uncertain a tenure; yet the river-bank has its human fauna as characteristic as its flora.

These are the shanty-boat people, the gypsies of the river, and if their domain be limited literally to the river "bottoms," it extends in length from the Gulf to headwaters, where the shallow stream ripples over its rocky floor. Hidden from their fellow-men by the edge of the steep bank, out of sight and out of mind of the busy world above, they drift silently from town to town, and slip irresponsibly from State to State, fit descendants



AN INTERIOR.



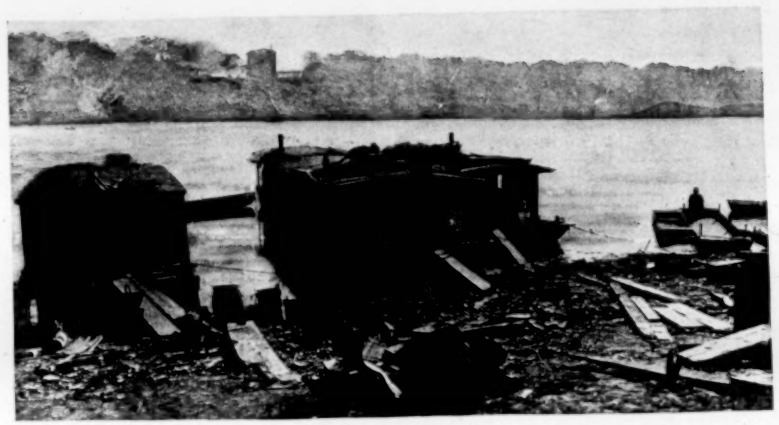
FORGETTING THE WAYS OF THE RIVER.

GETTING INTO WINTER QUARTERS.

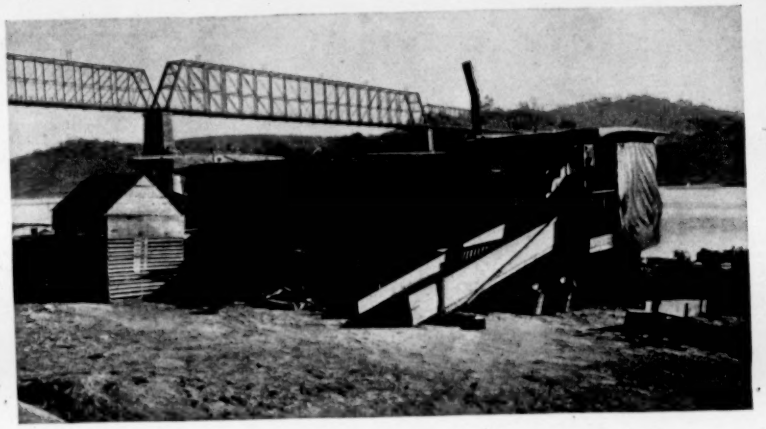
AT THE RIVER'S EDGE—A GROUP OF DRIFTERS.

RAG-GATHERERS.

"UP IN TH' WILLERS."



RECENT ARRIVALS.



A PALATIAL SHANTY-BOAT.

THE SHANTY-BOATS OF THE WESTERN RIVERS.—[See Page 231.]

sociologically of those early fugitives and wanderers upon whom was pronounced the curse of enmity against their kind, which clings to the nomad to this day. They are driven forth into a land which brings forth to them, if not thorns and thistles, at best only cockleburs and Spanish-needles.

The hull of the shanty-boat is a square flat-bottomed scow, with straight and perpendicular sides. It is floored over the bottom timbers and covered by a deck-house, generally but one board thick, which stretches almost from end to end of the craft. It has a door fore and aft, generally one or more windows, and a stove-pipe outlet. These make up the essentials; the finish depends upon the taste and ability of the occupant.

Here children are born and raised, and in turn gather about them their families and possessions. They buy and sell, and get gain in less regular ways, and live out their span with their outlook bounded by the crest of the river hills and the narrow strip of sky between.

The shanty-boatman proper is half laborer and half marauder, working when he must and stealing when he can. He is by turns an animal of prey, a scavenger, and a serf; partly hated, partly feared, and partly fraternized with by the lower classes along the river, but wholly an outcast to the farmer and townsman.

How he lives the world does not know—he belongs to the other half. At times he works, fitfully—shovelling coal from huge barges at the landings, digging sand, loading flat-boats with stone—but this rarely lasts after the first pay-day has given him money for whiskey. Then he may be seen idly floating in his skiff, gathering drift—a stick of timber which can be sold for a few cents, vegetables or scraps for his own table, maybe a "floater" for the morgue, with its attendant reward.

In low water the most profitable industry is searching the sand-bars for coal washed out of barges wrecked in the winter; during freshets there is a chance of landing a drifting barge broken away by the current, and obtaining a salvage prize, which is the event of his life. Winter or summer he fishes, with dip-net or trot-line, and catfish is his staple diet.

Shanty-boating, however, is not necessarily inborn; individuals may drop into and out of it, as with other experiences. A workman in a river-bank factory buys or builds a shanty-boat because it is cheaper than paying rent; then, losing his job, he slips away on the current, seeking new work, and almost insensibly sinks into the human drift, until perhaps an equally fortuitous event casts him ashore again; but more often, like the Romany, he has the instinct in his blood, and the shanty-boat people spend their lives moving at random and by impulse, now driving along lashed to a tow pushed by some great snorting steamer, now floating on the current with a square of old sacking for a sail or a pair of sweeps to propel and guide, now beached by the falling river, and left hidden far up in the cottonwoods, like sleeping amphibians on the shore.

For they are not always on the move; while essentially and necessarily in the main a company of rovers, many of them, like the birds, migrate, if at all, only at certain seasons. The favorite time is the late winter, when the ice has disappeared and the highest floods are over, but the waters are still well up on the banks. Then the boatman buys or begs a friendly tow up stream, or drops down with the current, until, having found a landing to his taste, he pulls well up to the bank, blocks up under the outer "gunnel" to keep his craft level as the water falls, and "grounds out" contentedly for a shore residence of months, or even years.

His boat thus becomes not so much a means of navigation as a dwelling adapted to the peculiar conditions of his environment. As his abode is more fixed, he generally becomes a better citizen and a more substantial one, and with increasing means he surrounds himself by a flotilla where his land-dwelling brother would add rooms or sheds to his building; chicken-coop boats, wood-shed boats, out-house boats, gather around the main craft, are moored to it when the river rises, and float away with it in the migrations.

When, however, the residence ashore or aground is much prolonged, the boat-building instinct becomes weakened, and strange landlubberly additions are made to the craft. Vines may be trained over the cabin, or a garden patch begun and enclosed by a fence of drift-wood, sheds and "lean-to's" spring up, until Shanty-town becomes a collection of the strangest constructions often gathered into one spot.

For they do gather into one spot; like all waifs, they are gregarious; and while scattered specimens are found all along the river, there is generally near each considerable town a dense grouping of these people, to whose quarters the generic name of Shanty-town is applied. To step over the edge of the bank on to the rough road that threads it is to enter an atmosphere where the standards of education and morality drop nearly to the zero mark; the sounds of labor, the noise of traffic, the chimes of church bells, float over it almost as little heeded by these rovers as by the fish in the river.

An odd mingling of odd characters it is—peddlers, fishmongers, willow-chair makers, chance workers at chance jobs—a slight sprinkling of decent industry in a great mass of pure worthlessness. Almost wholly native Americans, recruited from the head-water mountains of Kentucky and West Virginia, they are yet in the main utterly illiterate and shiftless, and, men and women alike, have little fear but of work, few pleasures but drink, hardly any tastes above the indulgence of the senses. They are the discarded and rejected specimens from society generally. And yet Shanty-town has its own clearly marked social ranks. The "old-timers," far up on the bank, look down upon the middle classes who are floated by a moderate water; these in turn despise the water's-edge folk drifters, whose stay is a matter of a few days or weeks only; and even these feel themselves far above the dwellers in "shacks," *i. e.*, non-floating shanties, or hovels built on a raft of old timbers.

All refer disparagingly to a "mighty mean lot of people" who may be found shanty-boating somewhere else, maybe close at hand, but with whom the speakers never have any community or fellowship.

The town has its traditions, its gossips, its intense local interests, connected usually with the movements of the river or the police, or springing from the disorders which are imminent daily, and a regular attraction on Saturday night and Sunday.

When the flood comes, that wild rampage of Western streams, which is almost a certainty every February, generally to be repeated several times in the winter, and which may occur at any time, the Shanty-townsmen gather in anxious groups, speculating "how big she's a-goin' to git." As the brown water comes up foot by foot, lifting one boat after another from its blocking, there is a scrambled ingathering of poultry, dogs, children, and belongings. The auxiliary boats, if any, are moored to the main craft, and all seek shelter close to the bank, behind some pier or clump of cottonwoods, or in the mouth of a small creek. But if the rise comes with the "goin' out of the ice," that fearful force which snaps wire cables like threads or crushes stout wharf-boats and cuts down huge barges and steamers, there are terror and consternation in Shanty-town; and the comedy of a floating hen-house, with its dejected occupants bobbing miserably on the roof, mingles with the tragedy of a wrecked boat, whose pitiful few contents are scattered, and its inmates gone down struggling, strangling, and turning over beneath the rushing muddy waters.

Shanty-town is a terribly bleak place in winter, but on a summer or fall afternoon it looks peaceful enough, with its group of uncouth men and slatternly women gossiping, or of dirty children dabbling in the sewage-stained water.

The river shimmers away westward through a haze which mingles with the brown smoke hanging over river and hills. The low sunlight, softened to brownish-gold, touches into picturesqueness, almost into beauty, the many odd craft nestled among the willows or lying amid the river-bank weeds, and over all comes the droning cry of a Shanty-town peddler:

"Onions! er dime er small measure. *Fine* onions!"

CHARLES BUXTON GOING.

STREET-CLEANING.

THE reformation of the several city departments demanded by the voters of New York city at the November election has taken on special interest since the new year opened, and presented the opportunity of beginning the work. None of the appointments made by Mayor Strong for this purpose has been more generally approved than that of Colonel George E. Waring as Commissioner of Street-Cleaning, and it is worth while to make a brief study of the problem confronting the new commissioner in order to be able to better understand the reformation asked for at his hand.

No department of city work has called forth more anathemas from the residents of the city for many years past than that of street-cleaning. Each new head of the department has administered its affairs less satisfactorily (if possible) than his predecessor, and the popular verdict of incompetent management has become more and more emphatic with almost every change of plan or director.

While the streets themselves have given ample evidence of the inefficiency of the executive force of the department, it has also been urgently claimed that expenditure has been excessive. The illustration given herewith enables the reader to judge for himself how far the latter charge is true. The illustration is composed of four diagrams. The upper two compare the cost of street-cleaning in ten representative cities, and the lower two present certain important conditions affecting relative cost.

Of these ten cities, New York, Brooklyn, Boston, and Newark are Eastern or seaboard cities; Philadelphia, Buffalo, and Washington are inland cities; Chicago, St. Louis, and Cleveland are still more remote from the ocean. They may be classified also, some as manufacturing and others as non-manufacturing towns, and each reader may classify them to suit himself; and yet, whatever classification be adopted, it is equally impossible to rationalize the great excess of cost in New York.

The upper diagram ranges the cities from left to right in order of cost per capita, and in each of the other diagrams the same order is preserved, so that New York is placed at the right hand in each diagram and Buffalo at the left, and in all cases the four shaded columns, representing any one of the ten cities, are ranged directly over each other for convenience of study. The figures presented in the diagrams are taken from the reports of the eleventh census, and show the average annual cost for the ten years ending January 1, 1890; and we have no evidence that the cost in New York has diminished since that date.

COST PER CAPITA.

It appears from the upper diagram that the cost of cleaning the streets of New York averaged seventy-one cents per year for each man, woman, and child, while in no other one of the ten cities did it average half as much. Newspapers have reported political rings of no weak sort as wasting municipal funds in several of these cities, but however extravagant they may have been, their operations in their street-cleaning departments have been mild as compared with those of the ring in control of New York expenditures.

COST PER MILE.

Lest the distribution or proportion of population might, by some peculiarity, give New York a disadvantage, so that a per capita measure of cost might not be a fair one, the cost per mile of street is given. This comparison is still more striking than the preceding, as no other one of the ten cities averaged one-fifth as much for cleaning each mile of street, and four of them averaged less than one tenth as much.

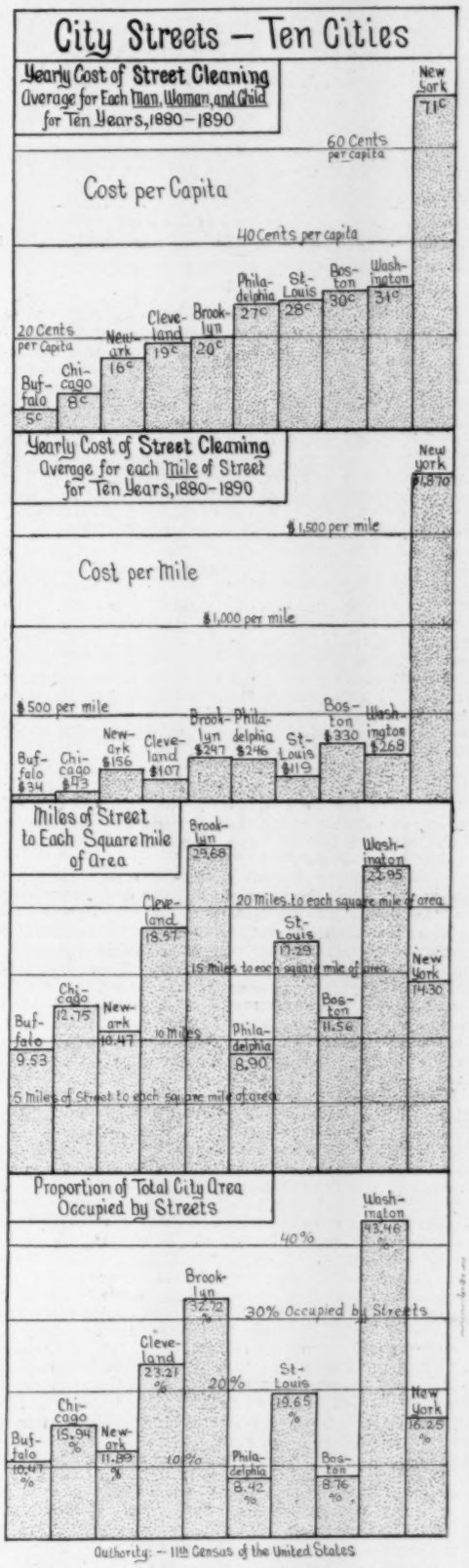
DISTRIBUTION OF WORK.

It may be argued that in some cities the work of street-cleaning is distributed over a great area, comparatively, while in others it is compact, and that the expense is affected thereby. In order to compare the cities in that respect, the third diagram shows how many miles of streets each city has to a square mile of area. There is a large range in this condition, as is readily seen. Brooklyn's work is more compact than either of the others, as the blocks are so small as to give nearly thirty miles of street for each square mile of area. If that is a reason why its expenditure is comparatively low, then the expenditure in Buffalo and Newark ought to average more than in Brooklyn, because the blocks there are so large as to so separate the streets that they each have less than half as many miles of street per square mile of area. If, on the other hand, it be an advantage to have the work less congested, New York has a decided advantage over both Brooklyn and Washington.

WIDE STREETS.

The width of streets will, of course, have an important effect on the cost, for it is plainly less expensive, all other conditions being equal, to clean a mile of street forty feet wide than the same length of street a hundred feet wide. In other words, if streets are wide, there is more surface to be cleaned. Cities vary greatly in this respect. For example, the streets of Washington average one hundred feet wide, while those of Boston average only forty feet, and those of New York sixty feet.

The fourth or last diagram presents a comparison based on this element. It shows that in Washington, on account



of its large mileage (third diagram) and its wide streets, nearly forty-four per cent. (43.46%) of the whole area of the city must be swept in order to clean the streets, while in Boston and Philadelphia less than ten per cent. of the total area is to be cleaned. This comparison, however, furnishes no excuse for the great cost in New York, since the proportion of area to be cleaned is plainly not excessive, being much less than either Brooklyn or Washington, and less even than St. Louis or Cleveland, whose cost averaged less than half as much per capita (first diagram), and less than one-fifth as much per mile (second diagram).

BUFFALO AND NEW YORK.

There are perhaps no two cities more directly comparable than Buffalo and New York as to street-cleaning conditions, and if common report may be accepted, they are about equally well cleaned. They are both cities of large manufacturing importance. Each does a large transshipping business, and therefore has a great deal of street traffic and transportation. They do not vary greatly in the number of miles of street to each mile of area (third

diagram), or in the proportion of total area occupied by streets (fourth diagram), and yet the per capita cost of street-cleaning averaged fourteen times as much, (first diagram), and the cost per mile of street, fifty-five times as much (second diagram) in New York as in Buffalo. Is it probable that the inhabitants of Buffalo are fourteen times as cleanly as those of New York? Or is it true that there is fifty-five times as much dirt on each mile of street in New York as in Buffalo?

THE PROBLEM.

These considerations indicate that to properly clean the streets of New York, and at the same time reduce the expenditure of the Street-cleaning Department to a point at all commensurate with that of other cities, is a problem that will tax Colonel Waring's ability both as financier and as mechanical administrator. F. W. HEWES.

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

ALGIERS.

HAVING fully examined the railway system of eastern Algeria and inspected the workshops of that line which are located at Constantine, the members of the commission continued their journey westward through the central portion of the French province. The line from Constantine to Algiers covers a distance of two hundred and eighty miles, being a part of the line of the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway, which is at present the most important line in northern Africa. The journey consumed seventeen hours, being at the very moderate rate of barely seventeen miles an hour—a speed, however, which is probably fully sufficient to meet all requirements of traffic either for passengers or freight in northern Africa at present. From Constantine, situated among the mountains, to Algiers on the coast the railway passes through a considerable variety of country. The first part of it runs through the outlying spurs of the mountain range which serves to shut in the low-lying coast region between it and the sea, and also, fortunately for that district, shuts out to a great extent the scorching winds of the great desert. Here the railway works have been very heavy and costly in character, embracing large tunnels, stone bridges, and heavy retaining-walls, all of which have been executed with a strength and solidity which were certainly not justified by any prospect of immediate traffic, and no doubt are largely the result of the guarantee of the French government. In this part of the line the scenery is varied and interesting, but as soon as the road emerges into the plains it becomes monotonous and depressing. Nature has done little or nothing in this district to provide any charms of scenery, and for many centuries past man seems to have done something less than nothing to supplement nature. A slightly undulating plain, showing very few signs of cultivation and no towns, extends from the edge of the mountainous district to the shores of the Mediterranean. There is a general aspect of neglect and decay, which is enhanced rather than relieved by the occurrence of an occasional Arab village, with its usual accompaniments of groups of dirty children, melancholy-looking camels, and depressed donkeys, making up a picture of mingled poverty and dirt characteristic both of place and people.

Matters improve as the capital of French northern Africa is approached. There is more cultivation and an evident increase in settlement, together with an appearance of energy and life which is singularly wanting in the indigenous population of the rural districts, while the more immediate suburbs of Algiers are both romantic and attractive. The city, as the capital, is naturally the chief centre of the North-African railway system, and in the arrangements for station grounds and depot ample provision is made for all the expansion of traffic that is likely to take place for a long time to come. Our illustration shows the position and surroundings of the terminal station at Algiers, occupying the shore of the harbor for a considerable distance, while to the left of the view is seen the beginning of the characteristic terrace formation of the town for which Algiers has so long been famous among Oriental cities.

The main offices and workshops of the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway in Africa are situated at Algiers, and as it is the most important of the North-African lines, much valuable information was obtained by the commission during a stay of four days in the city and its neighborhood. There is one fact in connection with the present condition and immediate prospects of transportation in northern Africa upon modern methods which attracts attention, namely, what may be called its exotic character. The efforts made for a good many years by the French government to acclimatize modern civilization in Algeria have not been seconded with much enthusiasm by their own people or by much appreciation on the part of the native population of the African province. The railway lines are all constructed with the view of encouraging a future traffic, not of meeting the requirements of a traffic already existing. The lines are uniformly well constructed, indeed they are in some ways unnecessarily substantial for the traffic; but there is very little for them to do. The natives are poor, and only use the railways, if at all, for travelling at the cheapest rates. They cultivate little beyond what is needed for their own use, and if they have any overplus, time seems to them of so little value that they can very well afford to bring it to a market by the primitive conveyance of a camel or donkey.

The pursuits of agriculture for ordinary purposes are almost wholly in the hands of Europeans, and these, in so far as they are French, display little or none of that enthusiasm which is the first requisite of the successful colonizer. To the French settler Algeria appears to be only a little less of a place of banishment than Cayenne or New Caledonia, and he nearly always appears to entertain the hope that his banishment may, after all, be only temporary, and be followed by a return to France.

Algiers, as the capital of French northern Africa, is naturally the most European city on the coast. Its striking and romantic situation has lent itself readily to the production of a city at once possessed of unusual beauty and of excellent sanitary arrangements, while its climate has recommended it as a winter resort for invalids from most of the countries of Europe. The city has but few of those marks of extreme antiquity about it which characterize most of the towns of northern Africa. There may have been an old Roman town on the site occupied by the modern city, but there are no existing remains that render this certain, and there is no ground for believing that the yet older civilization of the Phœnicians ever erected a city in the immediate neighborhood. No part of the present town appears to be older than about the eighth century, when the last feeble remains of the rule of the Byzantine Empire of Constantinople were swept away by the Saracenic forces of Islam; indeed, the oldest buildings of the city cannot be referred to a date further back than the end of the tenth century.

The date of the greatest prosperity of Algiers previous to the French occupation was probably the period between the beginning of the seventeenth and the middle of the eighteenth centuries, during which the condition of the European monarchies enabled the rulers of Algiers to carry on a sort of recognized piracy in Mediterranean waters. To this period belong many, if not all, of the best specimens of the distinctively Moorish architecture of the city. One of the most interesting of these is the fine mosque of Djamaa-el-Djedid, which occupies the right foreground of one of our illustrations. This characteristic building was erected in the year 1660 by a Genoese architect, whose desire to distinguish himself by some departure from the stereotyped outline of the ordinary mosque led him to introduce the figure of a Greek cross as the leading idea of the edifice. The discovery of what he had done when it was too late to get rid of the hated emblem led to the execution of the too ambitious architect, who has thus obtained a posthumous reputation greater in all probability than he could have secured in a way less objectionable. The present form of the building, however unfortunate it may have been for the architect, brings the mosque into greater harmony with the surrounding buildings, with their unmistakable air of modern French civilization, than anything more purely Saracenic in style would have been.

French Algiers is wholly in possession of our illustrations of the harbor front, of the Embankment, and the Boulevard de République. The substantial quay, no less than the handsome colonnaded Embankment and the Parisian-looking buildings of the boulevard above, speak unmistakably of the conquest, and tell of the submersion of the civilization (such as it was) of the Mohammedan population of northern Africa.

Even the glimpse of an Algerine street, with its Arabic street porters, given in our picture, only tends still more to emphasize the fact that European methods and manners have come to northern Africa with every intention of remaining there. But for the figures of the two porters, the street might very well have been in the heart of Paris, or even in some parts of New York.

ORAN.

The Western Algerian Railway conveyed the members of the commission from Algiers to Oran, the chief city of the province of the same name, a distance of 263 miles. The line runs at no great distance from the coast, through a district the fertility of which ought to render it both populous and prosperous. It is, however, neither one nor the other. The soil is evidently rich and easy of cultivation, and the climate appears to be admirably fitted for the growing of the olive, vine, and orange, as well as of wheat of a very superior quality. It is, however, but thinly populated, and very little attempt seems to be made to cultivate anything over most of the province.

Oran (the Arabic Wahrán) is the nearest port in Algeria to the coast of Spain, with which the greater part of its trade is still carried on, as it has been for three and a half centuries past. The distance to Cartagena is little more than a hundred and fifty miles, and communication both with that port and Gibraltar is frequent and rapid—in the one case by Spanish, and in the other by French lines of steamships. There was formerly no harbor nearer to the city of Oran itself than Mers-el-Kebir, which is situated at the northwest entrance of the bay of Oran, under the high promontory of Mers-el-Kebir, which is shown in the background of our picture of the harbor of Oran. The harbor of Mers-el-Kebir is of such great natural excellence that it seemed to the nations that occupied Oran in succession for many centuries to answer all necessary purposes for the town. After the French occupation, however, steps were taken to give Oran a harbor of its own, and so to set the old and commodious harbor at Mers-el-Kebir free for the exclusive use of the French navy. The harbor shown in our illustration has been formed at very considerable expense by the construction of solid piers, extending upwards of three thousand feet, so as to enclose a safe and commodious basin of about sixty acres in extent immediately opposite the city. This harbor affords more than ample accommodation for all the commerce of the town and district, which must have formerly suffered greatly from the circumstance that the town was so entirely cut off from its only available port.

The city of Oran, which contains a population of about 67,000 inhabitants, is as yet much less of a French town than Algiers. It is a city the history of which is stamped both on its buildings and population. The port of Oran was that from which the Moorish conquerors of Spain set out with the idea of carrying the Koran in triumph over Europe, as it had already been carried over a large part both of Asia and Africa. During the centuries of the Moorish occupation of the Spanish peninsula it naturally remained closely connected with Spain, and it received the expelled remnant of the race when the kingdom of Granada was finally overthrown. When these refugees, not unnaturally, became piratical marauders on the Spanish coast, an invasion of the city and territory was the natural consequence. This invasion was begun in 1505, and in 1509 the province was subjugated, and Oran became the chief city of Spanish Africa. From that time until the year 1791 it remained, with the exception of a period of twenty-four years at the beginning of the eighteenth century, in the hands of Spain. The city was to a large extent ruined in the great earthquake of 1790, and it was finally given up to the Bey of Mascara in the year 1791. From that date until it fell into the hands of France, in 1831, Oran remained subject to native Mohammedan rulers, who did nothing to advance its material prosperity, but since it came into French hands no efforts or expense have been spared for its development.

Each of these stages in the history of the city is recorded in its buildings and in its population. The old Arabic population which preceded the Spanish dominion still survives, and forms a large—perhaps still the largest—class of the inhabitants, and the most imposing architectural remains are still those of that period. There come next a population and an architecture which are clearly Spanish, telling of the long occupation during which Oran was largely used as a penal settlement for Spanish offenders. These are again followed by a native population of mixed nationality, dating from the Spanish relinquishment to the time of the French conquest—a period too short to have produced much result in the way of architectural change. Finally there is a new town and a new population, both of which are distinctly French.

Our picture of the landing-place in the suburbs shows the modern French town, built on the rising ground which slopes upwards towards Mount Aidoun (shown as the background to our illustration of the harbor), which is crowned, at a height of upwards of 1300 feet, by the fort of Santa Cruz, which commands both this harbor and that of Mers-el-Kebir on the other side.

Modern civilization is also illustrated by our picture of a street 'bus standing in front of what looks like a market-house, provided with a gas-lamp, and bearing on its walls a placard which may possibly represent a French play-bill, but is more likely to be some official order regulating the conduct of the mixed population of this city of Arabs, Jews, Spaniards, Moors, negroes, and French colonists.

The picture of the group of three ladies of Oran, whom our artist has styled "Arabian women," serves to illustrate still further the mixture of races in the western Algerian city. Only one of the three—the figure on the left—bears any appearance of belonging to the pure Arabian race, while the central figure must be strongly suspected of a Spanish origin, at least in part, and the one on the right has undoubtedly a large infusion of negro blood in her veins.

THIS BUSY WORLD

HERE it is March. The Florida orange and early vegetable crops have been extirpated twice within ten weeks, but there are as yet no convincing reports of an unprecedented dearth of peaches in the Delaware peninsula, and no general marking up of ice values on account of a failure of the crop. The annual spring disclosure of the exceptional feebleness of the Yale crew is not due for some weeks yet, as the condition of the crew rarely becomes desperate until about the time of the Easter races, when the men are viewed by Captain Cook, who turns faint at the sight of them, and is brought to and interviewed by a New York reporter.

Among those fortunate Americans who find themselves able to dodge our unamiable spring, about this time or earlier, every year, it becomes a problem where to go. The Mediterranean trip grows annually more popular; the allurements of Florida and southern California are well sustained; the Bermudas and the West Indies are not less attractive and accessible than they have been; but people who have formed the habit of skipping the spring make the rounds of all these places after a time and sigh for new fields to straggle over. Next year they will have their wish. Not very much has been heard yet of the Central American Fair, but it begins in February, 1896, in the valley of Villa Nueva, in Spanish Honduras. To most of us North-Americans Central America is practically an unknown country. It takes four days to go from New York (*viâ* New Orleans) to Honduras, and when one gets there, there is a new country that is worth seeing. If the fair is what it promises to be, and the provision for transportation, shelter, and food is adequate, it may well attract a multitude of visitors from this catarrhal clime. Spring travellers want first to go where it is warm; next, to see something that is new. They can realize both of these desirable ends a year from now in Honduras.

We shall know more about Honduras, by-the-way, when Mr. Richard Harding Davis gets home again. About January 15th Mr. Davis started from the eastern coast of that country to ride to Tegucigalpa, its capital. Accompanied by Mr. Henry S. Somerset and Mr. Lloyd C. Griscom, he made the ride on mule-back over the mountains in sixteen days. From Tegucigalpa they went on to the capital of Nicaragua, and thence to Corinto on the Pacific side (a ten days' trip), and from that point took a steamer south to Caracas in South America, crossing the Isthmus of Panama on their way. When Mr. Davis gets home he proposes to tell what he has seen in a series of articles to be published in the WEEKLY and in HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

It is a satisfaction to notice that the newspaper reports of trolley-car accidents are often varied nowadays by the statement that the child's life was saved by the fender, which trolley-cars now commonly carry. Where these fenders are used it is possible for children to learn by experience to keep out of the way of the trolley-cars, whereas before their adoption the first experience was usually fatal.

The bill prohibiting the display of foreign flags upon public buildings in this State became a law without a sigh or a flutter from any one. It is a good law in that it removes a source of bad blood, and gives Americans of different derivations one less unimportant thing to squabble about. How often it happens that all the opposition to a sensible measure is used up in defeating it the first

time it is offered, so that when it comes up a second time it goes through without clamor and by general consent!

Harvard University reports that she cannot continue to compete successfully with the other leading educational institutions of the country unless some one will build her a new library building. She hasn't room at present to store her books, much less to give her scholars adequate space to handle and read them. About $250,000 will build library enough to meet her necessities for some time to come. The last considerable addition that was made to the Harvard library building was built some fifteen years ago, since which time the number of students in the university has about doubled, and the number of books to be housed has greatly increased.

When will it occur to some person with a fortune to bequeath to educational uses to start a new college in Cambridge, having a separate organization of its own, but bearing such a relation to Harvard University as the colleges at Oxford bear to the university there, or, perhaps, as Radcliffe College bears to Harvard?

A bill that has been introduced in the Legislature at Albany provides that the width of the tires on wagons used on the highways of the State shall be proportionate to the loads carried—three-inch tires for loads of between one and two tons, four-inch tires for wagons carrying from two to three tons, five-inch tires for still heavier loads. It also prescribes that the front axle on such wagons shall be ten inches shorter than the hind axle. Whenever our legislators can see their way to pass such a bill, and the law can be enforced, a very great improvement in the highways must result. Similar regulations have already been adopted in some of the cities of the State in the interest of macadam pavements. In the march of civilization it is conceivable that the country districts will eventually come to appreciate wide tires, but they will doubtless be as deliberate about it as it is their wont to be about everything.

It is proposed in Boston that the Boston architects should join in placing in the Boston Public Library a bust of Mr. Charles McKim, the designer of the Library building. Precedent for such a compliment is found in the action of the architects of Paris in placing in the St. Genevieve Library a bust of its architect, and in the statue of Balzac lately set up by Parisian men of letters. The fact that Mr. McKim would probably be averse to such a proceeding on the part of his Boston brethren is not regarded in Boston as a reason why the thing should not be done.

In the first instalment of the report of the trip around the world of the Transportation Commission of the Field Columbian Museum, published in the WEEKLY for February 23d, occur one or two statements which may cause a misapprehension of certain historical facts. Major J. G. Pangborn, the director of the Department of the World's Transportation in the Field Museum, and a member of the travelling commission, is there spoken of as "the executive officer of the railway exhibit at the exposition." "*An* executive officer" would have been more correct, since Major Pangborn's position was that of "exposition executive of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway exhibit." The "new national museum" spoken of in the same paragraph of the same article means, of course, the Field Columbian Museum, and not the National Museum in Washington.

Thanks to the enterprise of the Sons of the Revolution, the Sons of the American Revolution, and other descendants of historical phenomena, the old-fashioned game of "button, button, who's got the button?" is enjoying a remarkable revival, and has attained a greater degree of popularity in this country than it ever has known before. As promoters of personal decoration among Americans and of certain branches of American manufactures, these new societies are highly successful. If, as is averred, they also stimulate the patriotism of their members, that is another good reason to rejoice that everything seems favorable to their growth.

Mr. Audrey Beardsley is described as a young man twenty-two years old, with bad health and a tendency toward consumption. A correspondent who took him to task for the monstrosity of his recent pictures reports him as replying that he finds that most people are ugly, that the sensual face is predominant, and that it is that face, drawn from life, that people condemn. Mr. Beardsley finds the type of life to-day in the women whom he sees at the St. James restaurant in London. They are well-dressed women, with morals of avowed fragility. Centuries ago, he says, it was the Madonna that people worshipped, but "to-day the old Madonna has become the new Magdalene." He is more comprehensible when he defends the mouths which he confers on the figures which he draws. Most people, he says, like small mouths, but he likes big strong ones, like Ellen Terry's.

He says he is coming to Boston and New York, probably in early April, partly for health, partly to lecture on "Italian Art" and on "Ugliness." He expresses an urgent desire to be understood by the people of Boston. No doubt the Bostonians will understand him if any one can, but in spite of his talent, which seems actually to exist, one is left by his disclosures in some doubt as to whether he can afford to be understood.

The sea is not without its hazards, but, after all, an ocean steamer is a safer place in which to repose one's self than a folding-bed. To be swallowed up by the mighty sea is at least a dignified fate which great and good people have met in all ages, but there is no dignity at all, no decorum, no extenuating circumstance of any sort, about being smothered in a folding-bed. There is a tinge of contemptuousness in one's very pity for the victims of such a disaster. There is an excuse for being in the upper berth of a sleeping-car; the exigencies of travel explain that: but is there any good and valid excuse for being (at home, or in one's own hired flat) in a folding-bed? Is the folding-bed a legitimate contrivance? A cot is respectable; the simplest iron bedstead is perfectly decent; but the folding-bed—is it not a subterfuge, a hypocrisy, an unairable pretence which honest people should blush to look upon, and scorn to be in?

Perhaps it is not all these things. Perhaps cramped quarters justify it. Last month it killed the mother of a family in Brooklyn; it shuts up on folks often enough to make the folding-bed accident item one of the most familiar in the newspaper; but it may have friends who have invested money in it, and like it, and are ready to explain that there is as much difference in folding-beds as there is in the people who sleep in them, and that not all of them deserve to be condemned.

It is complained of Lord Rosebery by persons who predict his downfall that since he has been Prime Minister he has done nothing.

And yet it was only last summer that he won a horse-race. So short the public memory is.

E. S. MARTIN.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

SUPERIOR to Vaseline and Cucumbers, *Crème Simon*, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. SIMON, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris; PARK & TILFORD, New York. Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy-goods stores.—[*Adv.*]

THE Social Queen
relief surprising
Gains by taking just on rising
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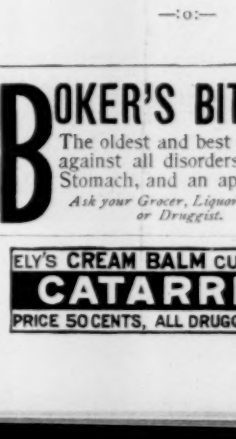

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AMATEUR SPORT

RACKETS, A GAME FOR EX-ATHLETES.

THE English game of rackets made its way to New York as early as 1793, and maintained a feeble and fitful existence there until, more than a hundred years later, the New York Racket Club gave it a permanent hold. Outside of New York the game has had no popularity in the United States until recently; but in the last five years courts have been built in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago. The reason for this sudden development in the game is not far to seek, for it has come in the wake of the college athletic spirit. Rackets is pre-eminently the game of the ex-athlete. Without such a sport to relieve the physical torpor of winter life in the city he would not only lose the best results of his early training, but in many cases would be positively the worse for his highly developed physique.

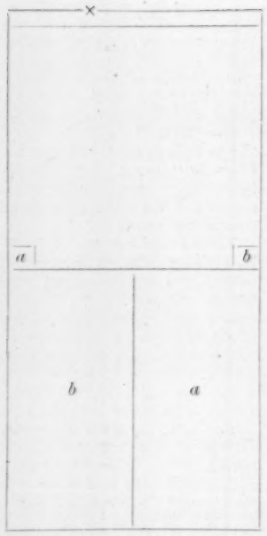
BACKHAND RECEIVING SERVICE.

The discovery of this fact is one of the few happy results of the many crusades against athletics. After the charge that manly sports are an immediate danger to life and limbs had been thoroughly disproved, the opposition, shifting ground, pointed to instances where famous oars and football-players have succumbed in later life to heart, lung, and stomach diseases. Competent physicians, moreover, declare that a sedentary life immediately following three or four years of hard training is a constant menace to health. Not only does the training-table appetite follow one long after its only excuse, the training itself, is a thing of the past, but heart and lung diseases that normally developed organs would repel find easy lodgment in the degenerating tissues of an ex-athlete. When a famous oar is carried off by peritonitis, heart or lung disease, the fault will usually be found to lie with the torpor of his later years, not with the activity of his youth. The highly developed body, like any delicate machine, rusts out at once, though it would not wear out in years. This fact, which ex-athletes have long recognized, consciously or unconsciously, in the craving for winter exercise, has lain at the root of the recent development in rackets, and is to-day the significant feature of the game.

The first impression one receives of a game of rackets is that it is a very dull substitute for lawn-tennis. It has the appearance of being played in a dungeon, and has been ridiculed as "lawn-tennis in jail." There is a certain whimsical touch in this, for the oldest English court was in the Debtors' Prison, London (Fleet), familiar to readers of Dickens, in which the game was played in an open court against a single wall. It is a curious fact that the modern dungeonlike court came into use the moment the game was free of the Fleet Prison, so that rackets has never been, as it were, at large. Yet, as the author of the excellent article on English rackets in the Badminton Library remarks, "stone walls do not a prison make." The very fact that rackets is an in-door game, and consequently a winter game, constitutes its chief value, on the side of the athlete at least; and though it may lack the open air, the grass, trees, and sky, that give charm to lawn-tennis, it makes up, as every player will testify, in rapidity and excitement. Even the Tabasco flavor of personal danger is not lacking, for if the ball were to hit the wrong part of a player's skull, the result would be what is sometimes called a "sundowner." Such accidents are easily avoided by the expedient of shielding the head with the catgut of the bat when the ball is about to be struck from behind. Yet this will not prevent flesh bruises, and these, though scarcely larger than a Mexican dollar, often rival a carbuncle in making themselves disliked. The most serious accident is a sprained ankle from stepping on one of the discarded balls with which the front of the court is often littered. Yet, though the element of danger lends a zest to the sport unknown to tennis, accidents of any kind are extremely rare.

BACKHAND SERVICE.

The salient point of a game of rackets is easily grasped by any one familiar with lawn-tennis and handball. It is, in fact, handball played with an adapted lawn-tennis racket. The ball is served alternately from the boxes *a* and *b*, so as to fly directly to the front wall, ×, strike above a line eight feet from the floor, and then rebound into the court *a* when served from *a*, or into *b* when served from *b*. The ball must be returned to the front wall before it has struck the floor more than once, though it may, and usually does, hit either the side or the back wall of the court, or both. After the service the ball may strike at any place on any wall, except that it must reach the front wall above the "telltale," a hollow sounding footboard. As on the service, it must not strike the floor more than once, and this must be after it has struck the front wall. The fine point in serving consists in giving the ball a twist, so that it will rebound at unexpected angles, or return in such a way that it will be impossible to get the bat behind it. This is often so successfully managed that the ball skims about the court, hugging the walls, whereas the angle of incidence in each case would lead one to expect it to bound free of the wall. Yet the full value of these twisting services is lost unless the server is able to direct the ball accurately. There are a number of strange though well-authenticated anecdotes that illustrate the accuracy of a first-rate racketer's strokes. An English player once undertook to quiz Henry Fairs (Punch), then the professional champion of England, about his marksmanship, and volunteered his head as a target at the end of the court. Fairs accepted, but limited himself to his quizzical friend's nose. On the first shot he took it square on the bridge and broke it. A shot on the temple would have made sorry work of their fooling. Another story, about the celebrated William Grey, is evidence of still greater skill. The marker of the court where Grey practised used to keep the mice he caught until Grey came, and would then let them run in the court. Grey would kill a mouse with a single shot almost without fail.



RETREATING AFTER FOREHAND SERVICE—DANGER FROM THE REAR.

Brilliant as the service may be, however, the thorough racketer is always more proud of his skill in the "bully," that is, in the play that succeeds the service. Here his utmost marksmanship is required, and in addition those mental qualities most valued by the sportsman, absolute presence of mind in unexpected turns, and bodily activity to match it. When two players are equally good in the "bully" it often happens that every motion they make is so direct and unerring that they appear to be going through a carefully planned drill, rather than acting in each motion on the exigency of the instant. It is related of William Grey that he seldom put forth his full strength in the service, because he preferred to contest each point in the "bully." This is thoroughly characteristic of English sportsmanship, which places as much value on the style of winning as on the victory.

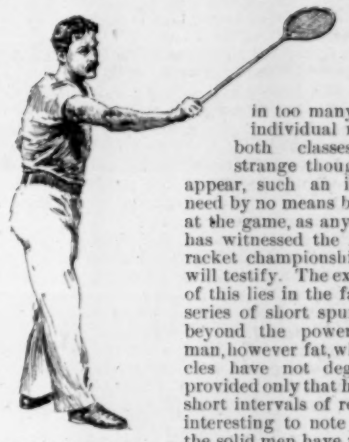
WAITING FOR THE FOREHAND SERVICE.

The chief characteristic of the game, as a whole, it must now be evident, is swiftness. The tough little ball is shot at its utmost speed by the tightly strung bat, and the floor and walls of the court are so prepared as to give it the sharpest possible rebound. It is said that in England when a court is to be put in prime condition it is swatted out with bullocks' blood to harden the surfaces; and in almost any court the ball travels so fast as to be invisible to the untrained eye, except at the point where it rebounds from the walls. In fact, the strokes are so hard and frequent that though the balls are made as tough and compact as possible, a score of them and more are often burst open in a single set, or are so deadened as to be useless. But the chief factor in quickening the game is the amount of ground to cover, which is almost twice what it is in lawn-tennis; and as the object in each return is, of course, to place the ball where the opponent will be least likely to reach it, the "bully" not infrequently resolves itself into a series of ten-yard dashes.

FOREHAND SERVICE.

Such a game is little short of violent, and in this, of course, lies its virtue as a winter sport for ex-athletes. It quickens the heart, brings the lungs into play, and opens the pores of the skin. It thus throws off all impurities from the blood, cleanses the stomach, and stimulates a more wholesome appetite than the mere brain-worker can ever enjoy. To lose a pound and a half or two pounds weight in half an hour's play is no uncommon thing, even for a slender person. This flesh is, of course, mostly put on again at the next meal; but a week of such exercise makes one literally a new man. Best of all, the game is violent enough to renovate thoroughly the most highly developed heart and lungs, placing them beyond the danger of disease.

These qualities which commend rackets to ex-athletes commend it also to men who have taken on fat; in fact,



BACKHAND VOLLEYING.

in too many cases an individual represents both classes. And, strange though it may appear, such an individual need by no means be a duffer at the game, as any one who has witnessed the American racket championship of late will testify. The explanation of this lies in the fact that a series of short spurts is not beyond the power of any man, however fat, whose muscles have not degenerated, provided only that he is given short intervals of rest. It is interesting to note also that the solid men have the swiftest strokes (which are generally the hardest to return), perhaps in accordance with the same wise provision of nature by which fat batsmen are able to drive a baseball far enough to allow them to reach first base. No one who has not passed the two-hundred-and-fifty mark should despair of rackets; in fact, it would be almost as just to speak of it as the fat man's game as the game for ex-athletes.

From what I have said it may be supposed that the price one pays for youthful training is life service in racket jails. This is far from the case, though many a worse fate might befall one. Although the exercise is violent, the frequent pauses between services keep it from being a continuous strain, so that in spite of the fact that the vital organs are constantly kept clear and sound, they diminish gradually in development, and in a few years shrink to the bare requirements of rackets. After this, if the game grows irksome, it is only a step to the constitutional; and if the worst comes to the worst, even this may be given up to the excess of business and irrational pleasures which are the bane of American life. In this event the only difference between the ex-athlete and the non-athlete will be that the former has lived, for a time at least, as a healthy man should live, and is proportionately stronger, not only to ward off disease, but to succeed in the usual walks of life.

JOHN CORBIN.

BACKHAND HALF-VOLLEY OFF THE BACK WALL.

BACKHAND HALF-VOLLEY.

YACHTING IN SOUTHERN WATERS.

The history of yachting in Southern waters would be a record of pleasures unsurpassed elsewhere, of matches hotly contested, and of sailors as thoroughly capable and reliant in the peculiar conditions of wind and wave with which they cope as are the nautical amateurs of the balance of the yachting world. The long shoal stretches of Mississippi Sound have been ploughed by the prows of Pensacola, Mobile, and New Orleans boats; and Pass Christian, the favorite coast watering-place with Northern tourists, gathers the fleets from far and near each year to her annual regatta.

The history of Southern yachting practically resolves itself into the story of the Southern Yacht Club, of New Orleans, one of the oldest of similar organizations in the United States, being in chronology second only to the New York Yacht Club.

Early in the '40's was established the custom of holding an annual sailing race at some point on Mississippi Sound in the summer, and even at that early date Pass Christian had, as now, the proud eminence of greatest popularity with the transient visitors to the coast. It was accordingly at Pass Christian that a meeting was held by a number of gentlemen from New Orleans, early in July of 1849, to organize a yacht club. A permanent organization was effected on the 21st of the same month with J. W. Behan as commodore, and J. O. Nixon, secretary. Thus originated a club known to every yachtsman in this country, one whose sailors, boats, and blue and white burgee are familiar in all nautical circles.

In late years West End, on Lake Pontchartrain, near New Orleans, has developed into a beautiful and pleasing resort. Here, until the disastrous fire of May 23, 1894, was a modern hotel of Gothic design, parterres and walks, summer-houses and bathing-pavilions, a band platform accommodating thousands, and a summer theatre with its manifold attractions. Here are located the houses of the many rowing clubs, and the headquarters of pleasure craft of all kinds, and here also is fitly placed the handsome home of the Southern Yacht Club. One of the many bayous in the vicinity reaches a thousand feet beyond the shore between its banks of dredged dirt, its mouth heavily revetted with timber and piling. A government light is placed upon the eastern jetty, and, standing upon a substantial foundation of piling, the yacht club house juts out beyond the western bank. This club-house was built in 1879, and is a favorite resort for the ladies and families of members, who improvise picnic parties throughout the summer in order to take advantage of the comforts and conveniences there provided.

Lake Pontchartrain is an oval-shaped body of water, thirty-five miles east and west and twenty-one miles broad. Its waters are almost uniformly shallow, and open into the Gulf of Mexico through another smaller body known as Lake Borgne. Lake Pontchartrain is liable to sudden squalls, which sometimes blow furiously, and it is on record that regattas which have opened at a snail's pace have sometimes ended with the boats under bare poles. On account of the shoalness the water becomes "choppy" in a blow, making nasty sailing at such times for small craft.

The waters of the lake, and those of Mississippi Sound, are famous fishing-grounds. Green trout, sheep's-head, and red-fish are unsurpassed when presented upon the table, and in the catching supply sport to satisfy the most ardent angler. Smaller and less important are the croaker and mullet, while the lordly Spanish mackerel, once plentiful, is still occasionally caught.

The club, organized in 1849, as already described, held its first regatta on August 6th of that year, with sixteen entries. The race was off Pass Christian, and the wind blew heavily from the southeast. *Undine* was the winner, *E. Riddle* second, and *Coralie* third. Four more regattas were sailed in 1849, and there were eight during the summer of 1850. Until 1861 the annual races were regularly held, most of them in Lake Pontchartrain, just outside of New Orleans, and the club's amateur sailors attained a proficiency and skill which gained for them more than local reputation. In later years, besides the amateur regattas, there were numerous match races to test the relative superiority of the boats themselves. Many exciting contests were held, in which the professional boatmen of the Sound manned the yachts and developed their every capability. To this day are current many stories of the exploits of Martin Green, Johnny Clemens, Fred Smith, and others of those whose daring and seamanship were brought into hardest play upon such occasions. Formerly the boats from Mobile and other coast points were frequently contestants in the club regattas, but of recent years they have given up the custom, an effort to revive which is now being made.

The regular club course, long since adopted, begins at a point just off the club-house, is triangular, and five miles around. It is usually covered three times in each race, or fifteen miles in all.

In addition to numerous fixed events for each year there is an annual summer cruise of the fleet among the islands of the Sound, and in the course of which the racing craft have an opportunity of participating in the regattas at Waveland, Pass Christian, and Point Clear. Two winters ago the then commodore of the Southern Yacht Club, Mr. W. A. Gordon, made up a Christmas party on his schooner *Adrienne* and sailed to Havana. The weather proved rough and unfavorable, yet the cruise was finished without mishap. So pleased were those interested at the results that another cruise was undertaken this year with Nassau as its objective point. *Adrienne* sailed from New Orleans February 2d, with a party of eleven, including ladies and children. The crew numbered five more, making sixteen in all, and about two months will be devoted to the voyage.

The fleet of the present day is more numerous, and comprises larger boats than ever before, including 12 steam-yachts, 15 naphtha and vapor launches, 11 schooners, 15 cruising-sloops, 24 open sloops, and 10 cat-rigged boats. Matters pertaining to racing are under the direction of the Regatta Committee, handicaps being arranged for the steam and vapor craft, while the allowances adopted for the sailing-boats are those prepared by N. G. Herreshoff.

The present roster of officers includes: Commodore, Thomas Sully; Vice-Commodore, Alexander Brewster; Rear-Commodore, Lawrence O'Donnell; Treasurer, James Buckley; Secretary, J. Walton Glenny; Fleet Captain, C. P. Richardson; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. J. B. Elliott; and Official Measurer, A. Fourchy. The internal management of the club is in the hands of the governing and house committees, each of five members. All sailing events are under the direction of a regatta committee of three. The membership numbers almost four hundred, and is a truly representative body, drawn from the best and most progressive of the city's cosmopolitan population.

Hospitable to a degree, true and manly sportsmen ever, the members of the "Southern" are always ready for a friendly "brush," or to entertain with characteristic gallantry the charming fair who flock to the club on the occasions of its numerous social functions throughout the summer season.

The annual regatta of 1894 was held on Saturday, June 9th. The weather was unfavorable, with heavy rain at times, and several light squalls. The winners in the several classes were: Class 1, schooners, *Viola;* Class 2, cabin sloops, *Nepenthe;* Class 3, cabin sloops, *Silence;* Class 4, open sloops, *Lady Emma;* Class 5, open sloops, *Mephisto;* Class 6, open sloops, *Nyanza;* Class 7, open sloops, *Alice;* Class 8, open sloops, *Lady Luckett;* Class 9, cat-boats, *Louise;* Class 10, steam-yachts, *Frolic;* Class 11, naphtha launches, *Idylle.*

The long-mooted question of the superiority of the *Nepenthe* was finally decided last summer in a series of match races. The *Annie M.*, of Mobile, the nearest to the *Nepenthe* in size and style of all boats in Southern waters, was beaten in three matches, of which the first was held at Fort Morgan, in Mobile Bay, and the other two off Biloxi, on Mississippi Sound. On its return to New Orleans *Nepenthe* was challenged by *Montauk*, and a race was held about the 1st of August, *Nepenthe* proving an easy winner. The race began with light wind and smooth water, conditions favorable to *Montauk*. Before the first round of the triangle the wind freshened. The match was finished in a stiff blow, with mainsails reefed and topsails down. Mr Peter Labouisse, recognized as a leading spirit among Southern yachtsmen and owner of the beaten boat, was somewhat chafed at the result, and has announced his intention of building or bringing from the East a craft which will next season show *Nepenthe* some slack water.

For the past two seasons successful regattas have been held during the summer at Pass Christian and Waveland, the latter a comparatively new summer resort on the Sound, near Bay St. Louis, Mississippi. In these the boats of the New Orleans club always make a creditable showing, and, as has already been stated above, there is now being made an effort to have annual races, in which the boats of all the Gulf State clubs will be brought together in friendly competition.

The yacht club at Pensacola has manifested little or no life for a number of years. That at Mobile has had an active membership for about twenty-five years, and in addition to frequent races on Mobile Bay, has an annual summer rendezvous off Point Clear.

At Mandeville, Louisiana, on the north shore of Lake Pontchartrain, and directly across that body of water from New Orleans, a lively and progressive club was organized three years ago. Commodore George Moorman is the active head of the organization, whose regatta and hop last summer were prominent features of the boating and social season at that resort.

WILLIAM WHITNEY CRANE.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS.

It is the unanimous opinion of those in attendance that no more important and significant educational meeting has ever been held in this country than the annual session of the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association that adjourned on February 21st, after three days of discussion and debate, at Cleveland, Ohio. For this result the teachers of the country are indebted primarily to Superintendent Maxwell, of Brooklyn, who arranged the programme and presided over the meeting with rare dignity and skill. Secondarily the debt is due to that new spirit of study and research that has of late years taken hold of American teachers, and is slowly but surely rescuing school practice from the crude formalism and mechanical teaching that tradition and the early normal schools forced upon them.

Everywhere to-day the leaders in education are studying modern psychology, the nature and habits of children, the history of education, and the principles of teaching, particularly as they have been interpreted by the German philosopher Herbart and his more or less thorough-going disciples, both in Germany and in America. This newer tendency was represented at Cleveland by a score or more of serious-minded and scholarly leaders, and in the great discussion that took place on the questions growing out of the establishment of an ideal curriculum for elementary schools these leaders were easily victorious, and the sympathy of the vast audience was evidently with them. A few years ago this would not have happened. It is not so long since advocates of child-study, of natural science in the schools, of manual training for all children, and of the systematic study of psychology by teachers, were sneered at as "faddists." To-day their cause is secure, and the schools are everywhere showing the good effects of the change.

While many important papers were presented and discussed at the Cleveland meeting, the interest centred about the report of the Committee of Fifteen. This committee was appointed in 1893 to undertake for the elementary schools what the now famous Committee of Ten (see HARPER'S WEEKLY, Nos. 1926 and 1934) did so thoroughly and well for the high schools and academies of the country. Its report was divided into three parts, one dealing with the training of teachers, one with the correlation of studies in elementary education, and one with the administration of city school systems. The actual preparation of the three reports was undertaken by Superintendent Tarbell, of Providence, Rhode Island, Dr. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, and President A. S. Draper, of the University of Illinois, respectively. Each of the three reports was discussed for a full session, and, taken as a whole, the debate was on a very high plane.

This was especially true of the report on the correlation of studies. Dr Harris had made this an exhaustive and learned analysis of the educational value of each of the several school subjects, but neglected entirely to satisfy the desire of the men and women identified with the newer movement for a treatment of the practical details of the curriculum from the stand-point of what the Herbartians call the doctrines of apperception and of interest. This deficiency in the report was at once pointed out and criticised by half a dozen of the best-known educational leaders in the country, and the defence made against their attacks was very inadequate. Because of the deficiency just noted, the report of the Committee of Fifteen will not rival that of the Committee of Ten in general interest and influence. The framers of the latter report grapple firmly with the problems of the immediate future, and point out how they are to be solved; the authors of the former document offer only a subtle but labored defence of the existing status, unless the incidental advocacy of two or three important innovations may require some modification of this judgment. Nevertheless, the report is one of great importance, and a distinct monument to American scholarship. It will be widely studied by parents and teachers, as it ought to be, but it is anything but final.

The reports presented by Mr. Tarbell and President Draper were more favorably received. Some opposition was manifested to the details of Mr. Draper's plan for organizing school systems in large cities, but its principles were unanimously approved. They are those that the advocates of school reform in New York and Brooklyn are endeavoring to secure for their respective cities. But municipal conditions, so far as school matters are concerned, vary so much East and West that no common rule for Denver and Boston, Indianapolis and Brooklyn, Cleveland and New York, can be laid down.

THE NEW MINISTER TO MEXICO.

To succeed the late Isaac Pusey Gray, who recently died in Mexico, the President has named, and the Senate has confirmed, Senator Matt W. Ransom, of North Carolina, whose term in the Senate expired on the 3d of March. Mr. Ransom has been a member of the Senate since 1872, and during all those years he has been one of the most faithful attendants upon the sittings of the Chamber. His absence will be noted in the Senate, for he was a popular man with the members, and was among the best known of the Senators to the frequenters of the galleries. He did not speak often, but when he did he was a conspicuous exponent of the old-fashioned style of oratory — picturesque in language, involved in rhetoric, but most suave and courteous in manner.

Mr. Ransom, when the Democrats gained ascendency in the Senate, was made chairman of the Committee on Commerce, and he also served on the committees on Agriculture and Forestry, on Printing, on Private Land Claims, on Transportation Routes, and on several others. During his long service he gave up his law practice almost entirely; and his friends in the Senate, knowing that he had no fortune, but lived on his salary alone, were apprehensive that after that ceased the future was not bright. When Governor Gray died, the Democratic members united in a petition to the President asking that the Mexican mission be given to the senior Senator from North Carolina. This request was promptly granted, and the Senate as promptly confirmed the nomination.

Mr. Ransom was born in Warren County, North Carolina, in 1826, and was graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1847. He studied law, and in 1852 became Attorney-General of the State. He served in this office three years, and resigned. He was a member of the North Carolina Legislature in 1858, '59, and '60. He went as a delegate from his State to the Peace Congress which met in Montgomery, Alabama, in 1861. When the civil war began he entered the Confederate army as a Lieutenant-Colonel. He served during the war, and surrendered at Appomattox. At that time he had become, through various promotions, a Major-General. When the war was over he resumed the practice of the law, and was also a planter in Northampton County.

A NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

MR. BISSELL, who has been Postmaster-General in Mr. Cleveland's cabinet since the beginning of this administration, sent in his resignation on the 28th of February, and the next day the President nominated Mr. William L. Wilson, of West Virginia. It has long been a matter of gossip that Mr. Bissell meant to retire because of the demands of his private business.

Mr. Wilson, the new Postmaster-General, will not enter upon his duties before the 1st of April. He has had a long experience of public life, as he had been, when his present term expired, twelve years a member of the House, and during the past three Congresses he has been conspicuous in the debates and in the constructive work of the committees. He is fifty-two years old, and a native of Jefferson County, Virginia. He was educated at the Columbian College of the District of Columbia and at the University of Virginia. When he was eighteen years old he entered the Confederate army and served during the war. After the surrender he served several years as professor in the Columbian College, and when the lawyers' test oath was overthrown in West Virginia he went to Charlestown to practise law.

He took an interest in politics and was sent as a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in 1880. He was also chosen an Elector for the State at large on the Hancock ticket. In 1882 he was chosen President of the University of West Virginia, and entered on the duties on the 6th of September. Two weeks later he was elected to Congress, and the next June he resigned the college presidency. Five times in succession after this he was elected to Congress, and always after a stubborn contest. Ex-Senator Davis and his son-in-law, Mr. Elkins, now Senator, were powerful in the business affairs of West Virginia, and it has generally been thought impossible for a public man to oppose protection, which these gentlemen advocated, and at the same time retain public favor. Mr. Wilson, however, from the beginning of his career, was an earnest tariff reformer, and in the last few years he has been conspicuous as such. In the last Congress, as Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and Democratic leader on the floor, Mr Wilson was in the very front of the movement, and at him were aimed the fiercest attacks of the opposition.

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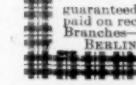

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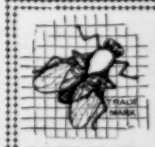

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